THE HOLTON-CURRY READERS

FIFTH READER

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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are extended to the following publishers and individuals for permission to use the material indicated:

The Bloch Publishing Co. and Dr. A. S. Isaacs for "An Eastern Garden' and "The Rabbi and the Diadem," from *Stories from the Rabbis;* Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. for "The Toll Bridge Keeper," from *Back Country Poems* by Sam Walter Foss; Bobbs-Merrill & Co. for "A Sudden Shower," from *Rhymes of Childhood* by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1890; P. J. Kenedy & Sons for "The Song of the River," from *Father Ryan's Poems*; A. C. McClurg & Co. for "The Story of a Salmon," by David Starr Jordan, from *Science Sketches;* Small, Maynard & Co. for "Step Faster, Please," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; Current Literature Co. for the translation of "Boum-Boum" from the French of Jules Claretie, by Edward Tuckerman Mason; Mr. C. H. Crandall for his poem "The Train"; Doubleday, Page & Co. for "A Prayer," by Edwin Markham, and for "The Rat Charmer," from *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, by Selma Lagerlöf.

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The Rand-McNally Press
Chicago

THE CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE	*Thomas Love Peacock*	1
THE HORSESHOE	*Hendrik Conscience*	3
BETH GÊLERT	*William Robert Spencer*	8
THE NEW CLOTHES OF THE EMPEROR	*Hans Christian Andersen*	13
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (Portrait)		22
A GROUP OF FABLES FROM ÆSOP		25
I. The Peacock's Complaint—II. Hercules and the Wagoner—III. The Boasting Traveler—IV. The Body and its Members—V. The Owls, the Bats, and the Sun		
ÆSOP (Portrait)		28
THE WIND AND THE MOON	*George Macdonald*	31
A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA	*Allan Cunningham*	34
PLANT A TREE	*Lucy Larcom*	35
TIT FOR TAT	*Mary Frere*	38
THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING	*Robert Browning*	41
FABLE	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	41
THE SWAN, THE PIKE, AND THE CRAB	*Ivan Krylov*	42
THE GREEDY SHEPHERD (In two parts)	*Frances Browne*	43
THE JOYOUS LAND	*Isaiah*	53
THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN	*William Brighty Rands*	54
THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES	*Mary Frere*	55
MEG MERRILIES	*John Keats*	62
I MAKE DIAMOND'S ACQUAINTANCE (In four parts)	*George Macdonald*	64
GEORGE MACDONALD (Portrait)		80
THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS	*Leigh Hunt*	82
THE FROST	*Hannah Flagg Gould*	85
AN EASTERN GARDEN	*Abram S. Isaacs*	86
STARS	*Barry Cornwall*	89
HUMILITY	*Luke*	90
THE TOLL BRIDGE KEEPER	*Sam Walter Foss*	91
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (In four parts)	*Jonathan Swift*	94
JONATHAN SWIFT (Portrait)		112
KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES	*John Godfrey Saxe*	115
FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE WORLD	*Charles Dudley Warner*	119

		PAGE
A Prayer	*Edwin Markham*	126
The Cock and the Fox	*Marie de France*	127
The "Other-Fellow"	*William Hawley Smith*	129
The Arrow and the Song	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	130
The Night has a Thousand Eyes	*Francis William Bourdillon*	131
The Coast Guard	*Emily Huntington Miller*	132
The Rabbi and the Diadem	*Abram S. Isaacs*	134
Old Grimes	*Albert Gorton Greene*	137
The Old-Fashioned School	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	140
Nathaniel Hawthorne (Portrait)		147
A Sudden Shower	*James Whitcomb Riley*	151
To Alfred Tennyson	*Robert Stephen Hawker*	153
The Good Sword Excalibur	*Maude Radford Warren*	154
Sir Galahad	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	159
The Grasshopper	*Edith M. Thomas*	163
The Crow	*William Canton*	165
The Quangle Wangle's Hat	*Edward Lear*	166
The Rat Charmer	*Selma Lagerlöf*	168
Selma Lagerlöf (Portrait)		174
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Robert Browning*	177
Robert Browning (Portrait)		191
The Tiger	*William Blake*	194
The Story of a Salmon (In five parts)	*David Starr Jordan*	195
The Orchard	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	209
Song of the River	*Abram J. Ryan*	210
In Praise of the Fathers	*Charles Sumner*	212
The Train	*C. H. Crandall*	213
Ossian's Address to the Sun	*James Macpherson*	214
The Song of the Camp	*Bayard Taylor*	216
The Backwoodsman Who Became President	*William H. Mace*	218
The Man who Led the Confederate Armies	*William H. Mace*	232
Paul Revere's Ride	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	239
The Boston Massacre	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	246
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	252
Flower in the Crannied Wall	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	256
Boum-Boum—A Tale	*Jules Claretie*	256
Step Faster, Please	*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*	266
The Glossary		268

SUGGESTED GROUPINGS

[The selections used in this Reader may be grouped in various ways on the basis of kinship in subject or manner of treatment. The following grouping indicates some of these kinships.]

		PAGE
1. FABLES		
The Peacock's Complaint	*Æsop*	25
Hercules and the Wagoner	*Æsop*	26
The Boasting Traveler	*Æsop*	26
The Body and its Members	*Æsop*	27
The Owls, the Bats, and the Sun	*Æsop*	27
Fable	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	41
The Swan, the Pike, and the Crab	*Ivan Krylov*	42
The Cock and the Fox	*Marie de France*	127
2. PATRIOTIC		
The Song of the Camp	*Bayard Taylor*	216
The Backwoodsman who Became President	*William H. Mace*	218
The Man who Led the Confederate Armies	*William H. Mace*	232
Paul Revere's Ride	*Henry W. Longfellow*	239
The Boston Massacre	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	246
3. GOOD ADVICE		
Plant a Tree	*Lucy Larcom*	35
Humility	*Luke*	90
A Prayer	*Edwin Markham*	126
The "Other-Fellow"	*William Hawley Smith*	129
Step Faster, Please	*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*	266
4. STORIES FROM THE EAST		
Tit for Tat	*Mary Frere*	38
The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges	*Mary Frere*	55
An Eastern Garden	*Abram S. Isaacs*	86
King Solomon and the Bees	*John Godfrey Saxe*	115
The Rabbi and the Diadem	*Abram S. Isaacs*	134
5. LEGEND AND FOLK TALE		
The New Clothes of the Emperor	*Hans Christian Andersen*	13
The Greedy Shepherd	*Frances Browne*	43
Meg Merrilies	*John Keats*	62
The Glove and the Lions	*Leigh Hunt*	82
The Good Sword Excalibur	*Maude Radford Warren*	154
Sir Galahad	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	159
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Robert Browning*	177
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	252
6. SHORT STORY		
Boum-Boum	*Jules Claretie*	256

7. FANCY

		PAGE
The Wind and the Moon	*George Macdonald*	31
The Peddler's Caravan	*William Brighty Rands*	54
The Frost	*Hannah Flagg Gould*	85
Stars	*Barry Cornwall*	89
A Sudden Shower	*James Whitcomb Riley*	151
The Night has a Thousand Eyes	*Francis William Bourdillon*	131
The Train	*C. H. Crandall*	213

8. A LITTLE NONSENSE

The Quangle Wangle's Hat	*Edward Lear*	166

9. SELECTED CHAPTERS

The Horseshoe	*Hendrik Conscience*	3
A Joyous Land	*Isaiah*	53
I Make Diamond's Acquaintance	*George Macdonald*	64
Gulliver's Travels	*Jonathan Swift*	94
The Rat Charmer	*Selma Lagerlöf*	168

10. THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Old Grimes	*Albert Gorton Greene*	137
The Old-Fashioned School	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	140
In Praise of the Fathers	*Charles Sumner*	212

11. STORIES IN POETRY

The Priest and the Mulberry Tree	*Thomas Love Peacock*	1
Beth Gelêrt	*William Robert Spencer*	8

12. THE WORLD OF NATURE AND OF HUMAN LIFE

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	*Allan Cunningham*	34
The Year's at the Spring	*Robert Browning*	41
The Toll Bridge Keeper	*Sam Walter Foss*	91
First Experience of the World	*Charles Dudley Warner*	119
The Arrow and the Song	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	130
The Coast Guard	*Emily Huntington Miller*	132
The Grasshopper	*Edith M. Thomas*	163
The Crow	*William Canton*	165
The Tiger	*William Blake*	194
The Orchard	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	209
Song of the River	*Abram J. Ryan*	210
Ossian's Address to the Sun	*James Macpherson*	214
Flower in the Crannied Wall	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	256

13. SCIENCE STORY

The Story of a Salmon	*David Starr Jordan*	195

14. AUTHORS

Hans Christian Andersen		22
Æsop		28
George Macdonald		80
Jonathan Swift		112
Nathaniel Hawthorne		147
To Alfred Tennyson	*Robert Stephen Hawker*	153
Selma Lagerlöf		174
Robert Browning		191

An old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe Page 48

FIFTH READER

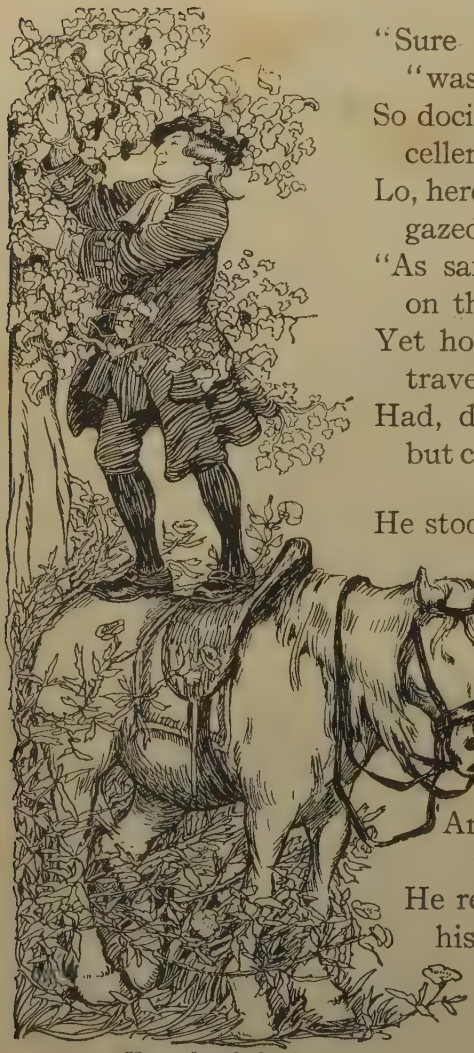
THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.



He gathered the fruit

"Sure never," he thought,
"was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry, 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

GLOSSARY. (For meanings of these words, see page 68.) Curate; tractable; mettle; hedge; to boot; courser; docile; reverie.

STUDY. Read the poem carefully, close the book, and tell the story. What shows the great ease with which the mare could be managed? How did the curate try to keep out of the briers while getting the berries? What thoughtless error did he make? With what result? What is the lesson, or moral, as stated in the last line?

How many lines in each stanza? How are the rimes arranged? In reading the lines notice that the swing of the words seems to imitate the easy movement of the mare. This music in the line is called "rhythm." Read some lines so as to bring out the music prominently.

THE HORSESHOE

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE

In the village of Westmal, some two or three miles from Antwerp, on the road toward Turnhout, stood a little smithy, in which four men—the master and his three journeymen—were busy at various work in the way of their trade; and at the same time were conversing—as much, that is, as the noise of hammers and files would let them—about Napoleon and his mighty deeds of war. One of the journeymen, who had lost two fingers of his left hand, was just beginning a story of the Italian wars, when two horsemen pulled up before the door, and one of them called out:

"Hola, my men! my horse wants shoeing."

The journeymen looked curiously at the strangers, who by this time had dismounted. They were evidently both military men. One of them had a great scar right across his face, and wore a red ribbon in

his buttonhole; the other, though dressed like a gentleman, seemed in some sort his subordinate; he held the horse by the bridle, and asked:

"Which shoe, colonel?"

"The near forefoot, lieutenant," was the reply.

One of the journeymen took the horse and led it into the shed, and meanwhile the colonel entered the smithy, looked about him, and took up, first one, then another, of the tools, as if looking out for an old acquaintance. At last he seemed to have found what he wanted: in one hand he held a heavy pair of tongs, in the other a hammer, both of which he surveyed with so peculiar a smile that the journeymen stood round gaping and staring, in no little amaze.

Meanwhile the iron was in the fire, the bellows panted away, and a garland of sparks spurted from the glowing coals. The journeymen stood by the anvil, their hammers in hand, till the master took the iron from the fire; then began the work of forging.

The colonel evidently took a lively interest in what was going on; his features lighted up, as they might have done at the finest music. But when the shoe was taken from the anvil, as ready for putting on, he eyed it a moment not a little disdainfully, took the tongs which held it from the master smith's hand, and put it back into the fire.

"That will never do," said he; "the shoe's too clumsy by half, master. Now, my lads! look alive! blow away!"

And while one of the journeymen, with an air of

great respect, obeyed his directions, he threw off his coat and bared his sinewy arms. Soon the iron was at a white heat: he turned it twice or thrice in the fire with all the air of an experienced hand, laid it on the anvil, and then called to the journeymen, in a cheerful tone:

"Now, my men! Look out! I'll give the time, and we'll turn out a shoe fit for the Emperor's nags. So now, attention:

'Ricketicketack,
Ricketicketoo;
The iron's warm;
Up with your arm.
Now strike,—one, two,
Ricketicketoo.

'Ricketicketack,
Ricketicketoo,
Strike while it's hot,
And tarry not.
Again,—one, two,
Ricketicketoo.'

There; look at the shoe now."

The journeymen eyed the light, neat piece of work agape, and, as it were, struck dumb. The master, meanwhile, seemed to be turning some thought in his head, which he every now and then shook, as though quite unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion. He drew near to the stranger, who by this time had resumed his coat; but, however closely he scanned him, he seemed unable to recognize him.

"Ricketicketack,
Ricketicketoo"

The horse was soon shod, and now stood before the smithy ready for its master to mount, who took leave of the party with a friendly shake of the hand to each, laying also a couple of gold pieces on the anvil:

"One for the master, one for the men. Drink my health together, and good-by to you."

With these words, he threw himself into the saddle and rode off with his companion. . . .

"Well," said the master, "I never in my life knew but one man who could knock off a shoe like that—so light and neat, and so handily; and I must be very much mistaken if the colonel isn't just Karl van Milgem himself; he, you know—but to be sure you don't know—he that the folks used always to call Ricketicketack."

From "Ricketicketack."

GLOSSARY. Westmal; Antwerp; Turnhout; smithy; journeymen; Napoleon; Italian wars; near; forging; sinewy; Karl van Milgem.

STUDY. What was going on in the smithy when the strangers appeared? What showed that they were military men? How did the colonel show his interest in the work of the smiths? Tell what he did to correct their work. What connection had the song with the forging of the shoe? Read the song so as to indicate just when the hammers ring on the anvil. How did the colonel's skill impress the workmen? How did he keep them from being offended at his superiority? Were they poor workmen, or merely "good" workmen, while the colonel was a "perfect" smith, an artist at the trade? What explanation did the master offer after the colonel's departure?

BETH GÊLERT

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flow'r of all his race,
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,

All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained covert rent;

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood

And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied,—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,

Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,

The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave." 98

GLOSSARY. Beth Gêlert; brach; Llewellyn; hart; booty; hied; gouts; guise; besprent; suppliant; impart; cherub; scathe; rue; gallant; storied; Snowdon.

STUDY. Why did Gêlert's absence make any difference in his master's pleasure in the hunt? What words show Gêlert's nature? Tell of Llewellyn's experience on returning home. What did he think was true? What did this lead him to do? What did he find to be the truth about the affair? How did he feel then about his impulsive act? Why could the spearman and forester not pass the tomb unmoved? Was his error one that you might have made under the circumstances?

THE NEW CLOTHES OF THE EMPEROR

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

(Retold by Alice Corbin Henderson)

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He did not care for his soldiers; he did not care to go to the theater. He liked to drive out in the park only that he might show off his 5
new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day. They usually say of a king, "He is in the council chamber." But of the Emperor they said, "He is in the clothes closet!"

It was a gay city in which the Emperor lived. 10
And many strangers came to visit it every day. Among these, one day, there came two rogues who

set themselves up as weavers. They said they knew how to weave the most beautiful cloths imaginable. And not only were the colors and patterns used remarkably beautiful, but clothes made from this cloth could not be seen by any one who was unfit for the office he held or was too stupid for any use.

"Those would be fine clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those I could find out what men in my empire were not fit for the places they held. I could tell the clever men from the dunces! I must have some clothes woven for me at once!"

So he gave the two rogues a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

The rogues immediately put up two looms and pretended to be working. But there was nothing at all on their looms. They called for the finest silks and the brightest gold, but this they put into their pockets. At the empty looms they worked steadily until late into the night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my clothes," thought the Emperor.

But he felt a little uneasy when he thought that any one who was stupid or was not fit for his office would be unable to see the cloth. Of course he had no fears for himself; but still he thought he would send some one else first, just to see how matters stood.

"I will send my faithful old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever man, and no one is so careful in fulfilling duties as he is!"

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, "I can't see a thing!"

So the good old Minister went into the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, opening his eyes wide, "I can't see a thing!" But he didn't care to say so.

Both the rascals begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer. They pointed to the empty looms and asked him if he did not think the pattern and

the coloring wonderful. The poor old Minister stared and stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for, of course, there was nothing to see!

"Mercy!" he said to himself. "Is it possible that I am a dunce? I never thought so! Certainly no one must know it. Am I unfit for office? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuff!"

"Well, sir, why do you say nothing of it?" asked the rogue who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful—charming!" said the old Minister, peering through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what wonderful colors! I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad to hear you say so," answered the two swindlers.

Then they named all the colors of the invisible cloth upon the looms, and described the peculiar pattern. The old Minister listened intently, so that he could repeat all that was said of it to the Emperor.

The rogues now began to demand more money, more silk, and more gold thread in order to proceed with the weaving. All of this, of course, went into their pockets. Not a single strand was ever put on the empty looms at which they went on working.

The Emperor soon sent another faithful friend to see how soon the new clothes would be ready. But he fared no better than the Minister. He looked and looked and looked, but still saw nothing but the empty looms.

"Isn't that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked both

rogues, showing and explaining the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man. "It must be that I am not worthy of my good position. That is, indeed, strange. But I must not let it be known!"

So he praised the cloth he did not see, and expressed his approval of the color and the design that were not there. To the Emperor he said, "It is charming!"

Soon everybody in town was talking about the wonderful cloth that the two rogues were weaving.

The Emperor began to think now that he himself would like to see the wonderful cloth while it was still on the looms. Accompanied by a number of his friends, among whom were the two faithful officers who had already beheld the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the two men who were weaving, might and main, without any fiber and without any thread.

"Isn't it splendid!" cried the two statesmen who had already been there, and who thought the others would see something upon the empty looms. "Look, your Majesty! What colors! And what a design!"

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I see nothing at all! Am I a dunce? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the worst thing that could happen to me, if it were true."

"Oh, it is very pretty!" said the Emperor aloud. "It has my highest approval!"

He nodded his head happily, and stared at the empty looms. Never would he say that he could see nothing!

His friends, too, gazed and gazed, but saw no more than had the others. Yet they all cried out, "It is beautiful!" and advised the Emperor to wear a suit made of this cloth in a great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is magnificent, gorgeous!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. The Emperor gave each of the rogues a royal ribbon to wear in his buttonhole, and called them the Imperial Court Weavers.

The rogues were up the whole night before the morning of the procession. They kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see them hard at work, completing the new clothes of the Emperor. They took yards of stuff down from the empty looms; they made cuts in the air with big scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and, at last, they said, "The clothes are ready!"

The Emperor himself, with his grandest courtiers, went to put on his new suit.

"See!" said the rogues, lifting their arms as if holding something. "Here are the trousers! Here is the coat! Here is the cape!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on. But that is just the beauty of it!"

"Very nice," said the courtiers. But they could see nothing; for there *was* nothing!

"Will your Imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," asked the rogues, "so that we may put on the new ones before this long mirror?"

The Emperor took off all his own clothes, and the

two rogues pretended to put on each new garment as it was ready. They wrapped him about, and they tied and they buttoned. The Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks in his new clothes!" said the people. "How becoming they are! What a pattern! What colors! It is a beautiful dress!"

"They are waiting outside with the canopy which is to be carried over your Majesty in the procession," said the master of ceremonies.

"I am ready," said the Emperor. "Don't the clothes fit well?" he asked, giving a last glance into the mirror as though he were looking at all his new finery.

The men who were to carry the train of the Emperor's cloak stooped down to the floor as if picking up the train, and then held it high in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

So the Emperor marched along under the bright canopy. Everybody in the streets and at the windows cried out: "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a fine train! And they fit to perfection!"

No one would let it be known that he could see nothing, for that would have proved that he was unfit for office or that he was very, very stupid. None of the Emperor's clothes had ever been as successful as these.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child

"Just listen to the innocent!" said its father.

But one person whispered to another what the child had said. "He has nothing on! A child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" at last cried all the people.

The Emperor writhed, for he knew that this was true. But he realized that it would never do to stop the procession. So he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains carried the invisible train.

From "Andersen's Best Fairy Tales."

GLOSSARY. Council; intently; strand; approval; imperial; courtiers; canopy; ceremonies; chamberlains.

STUDY. What do you learn of the emperor from the first paragraph? Does this tell you whether he had a strong or a weak character? Why would his city be likely to attract strangers who were not very serious? Why did the proposal of the rogues appeal to him? What made him anxious to know how they were getting along? Why did he not go himself to find out? Tell why he sent his old minister, and with what result. What second effort did the emperor make, and with what result? Can you tell why these honest officials reported as they did? When the emperor himself went, why did he agree with the other reports, and why did everybody applaud? Describe the cutting and fitting, and the great procession. Tell what the child said about the wonderful clothes. Do you think people ever pretend to believe what they do not believe for fear of being thought stupid? Does it seem to you stupid to do so? How do you explain the child's outspokenness?

Men lie, who lack courage to tell truth—the cowards!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It sometimes happens that success comes in other lines than those in which one wants most to succeed. This was the case with Hans Christian Andersen.

He was born in Denmark of very poor parents in the year 1805. His father was a sickly young shoemaker, and the family lived in one room. The father died when young Hans was eleven, and the boy, left to himself, quit school, made a toy theater, dressed the puppet actors himself, and devoted himself to reading plays.

He took little interest in the wish of his relatives to make a tailor of him, and started for Copenhagen with the intention of becoming an opera singer. Sufferings and hardships followed, and though he found some friends willing to help, he was obliged to give up this line of work because his voice failed.

After some years of study and travel he began to write successful novels and books describing his journeys. His ambition now was to excel as a novelist and writer of plays.

In 1835 Andersen was led to write a series of fairy tales. These stories were not very popular at first, but when additional tales were written a few years later they began to grow in favor, especially abroad. His first visit to England in 1847 was a great triumph. Among those who paid him honor was the great novelist, Charles Dickens.

Other groups of fairy tales followed from time to

time, and his name spread over the civilized world. When he died in 1875 he had made himself a richer benefactor to the human race than he had ever dreamed of becoming in his youthful days. In a great public place in Copenhagen, and in Lincoln Park, Chicago, are statues to his memory. As if in the act of telling a story, his kindly face looks out upon multitudes of playing children.

In one of his best known stories, called "The Ugly Duckling," Andersen has repeated the story of his own life. The ugly duckling turns out in the end not a duckling at all, but a beautiful swan. Among other tales equally good may be singled out those called "The New Clothes of the Emperor" and "The Constant Tin Soldier."

Through these fairy tales Hans Christian Andersen will go on through the years, bringing cheer and kindly thoughts to all his readers, and hope to the poor and downtrodden of earth. Good stories have about them an air of immortality, and "truth embodied in a tale will enter in at lowly doors."

In men whom men denounce as ill
I see so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I see so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A GROUP OF FABLES FROM ÆSOP

I. The Peacock's Complaint

The Peacock complained to Juno that while every one laughed at his voice, an insignificant creature like the Nightingale had a note that delighted all listeners. Juno, angry at the unreasonableness of her favorite bird, scolded him in the following terms:

"Envious bird that you are, I am sure you have no cause to complain. On your neck shine all the colors of the rainbow, and your extended tail gleams like a mass of gems. No living being has every good thing to its own share. The Falcon is endowed with swiftness; the Eagle, strength; the Parrot, speech; the Raven, the gift of augury; and the Nightingale with a melodious note; while you have both size and

beauty. Cease then to complain, or the gifts you have shall be taken away."

Contentment is the source of every joy.

II. Hercules and the Wagoner

As a Wagoner was driving his team through a miry lane, the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the Horses could get on no farther. The Man dropped on his knees, and began crying and praying to Hercules with all his might to come and help him.

"Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and stir yourself. Whip your Horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. If you want my help then, you shall have it."

Heaven helps those who help themselves.

III. The Boasting Traveler

A Man was one day entertaining a crowd with an account of the wonders he had done when abroad on his travels.

"I was once at Rhodes," said he, "and the people of Rhodes, you know, are famous for jumping. Well, I took a jump there that no other man could come within a yard of. That's a fact, and if we were there I could bring you ten men who would prove it."

"What need is there to go to Rhodes for witnesses?" asked one of his hearers; "just imagine that you are there now, and show us your leap."

Seeing is believing.

IV. The Body and its Members

The Members of the Body once rebelled against him. They said he led an idle, lazy life at their expense. The Hands declared that they would not again lift a crust even to keep him from starving, the Mouth that it would not take in a bit more food, the Legs that they would carry him about no longer, and so on with the others.

The Body quietly allowed them to follow their own courses, well knowing that they would all soon come to their senses, as indeed they did, when, for want of the blood and nourishment supplied from the stomach, they found themselves fast becoming mere skin and bone.

No one can live to himself.

V. The Owls, the Bats, and the Sun

The Owls, Bats, and several other Birds of night used to meet together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbors in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive.

The Sun chanced to overhear his critics, but contented himself with replying: "Ladies, I care little for your opinion, but I wonder how you dare abuse one who could in an instant destroy you; however, the only answer I shall give you or the revenge I shall take of you, is to shine on."

Gossips are best answered by silence.

GLOSSARY. Juno; augury; miry; Hercules; Rhodes; satire; impertinent; critics; gossips.

STUDY. A fable, as the word is generally used, means a brief story in which animals by their actions or qualities are made to reflect human traits. Sometimes other objects, such as rocks or trees, are used instead of animals.

Study each fable in this group so that you can tell the story and state the lesson. Do you think the lesson in each case is true? Why did the wagoner pray to Hercules? Why, do you suppose, is boasting usually connected with traveling (and fishing)? Have you noticed that people are never, as a rule, satisfied with what they have? Which fable brings out this last point?

ÆSOP

Whether Æsop ever existed in the flesh, where he was born, how he lived and died, and what he had to do with the fables connected with his name, are all questions about which there is much dispute.

Old stories tell us that he was born about five hundred fifty years before the time of Christ. Where, we do not know, though a number of places claim the honor. He is said to have been a shepherd's boy, and afterwards a slave. He was deformed and remarkably ugly. Under his first master he was well educated, and since it was the custom then to set forth wisdom in proverbs and fables, he seems to have taken up those forms of composition. He may simply have retold the old fables of eastern countries, as it is certain many of his stories are older than the date given to his life.

From a painting by Velasquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid

ÆSOP

A later master was so pleased with his wit and wisdom that he gave Æsop his freedom. Crœsus, the famous king of Lydia, invited him to visit his court. There he is said to have met Solon and other wise men and to have shown himself in every way their equal. In fact, he went ahead of them in cleverness. Crœsus, expecting a compliment, asked whom they considered the happiest man. Solon, refusing to flatter a king, tediously gave some instances. But Æsop replied that Crœsus was as much above others in happiness as the sea is supreme over all rivers. The delighted monarch exclaimed, "The Phrygian has hit the mark!"—and this has passed into a proverb. When asked what God was doing, Æsop replied, "He is depressing the proud, and lifting up the humble." Many stories of his good humor and merry jests have also come down to us.

He is said to have met his death at the hands of the people of Delphi, where Crœsus had sent him to offer sacrifices to Apollo and to distribute a great sum of money. He was so disgusted with the kind of life he saw there that he told the Delphians what an unfavorable opinion he had of them, and returned the money to his patron. The angry Delphians trumped up a charge against him and took him by treachery. In spite of his attempt to save himself by telling a fable to fit the case, they threw him from a high rock. The old stories further tell us that a plague was sent upon the Delphians for this foul deed, and their land was made barren.

It is hard to say how much truth there is in these old legends. But it is certain that the fables that go by Æsop's name have never lost their hold upon the world, and are as full of wisdom for our time as they were for the past.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
As if crying *Beware*,
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed: she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain:
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone:
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
And in town,
A merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar—
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain

Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

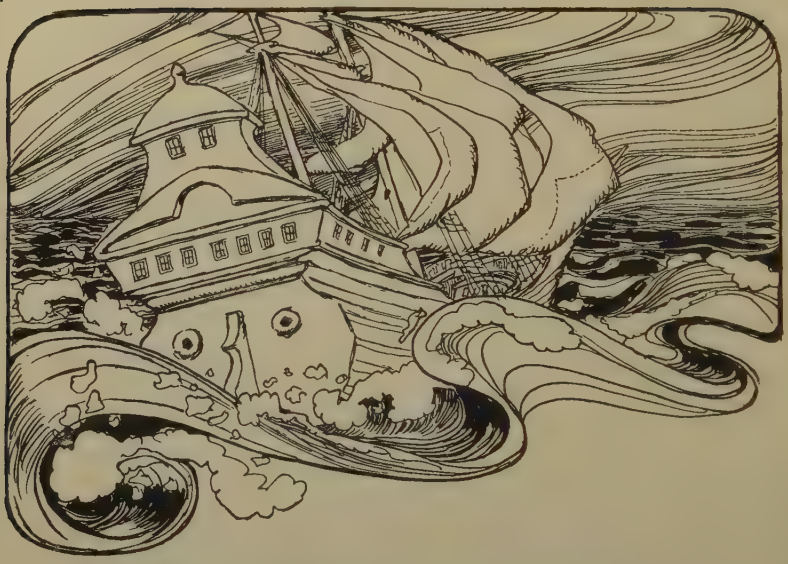
Slowly she grew—till she filled the night
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!—
First blew her away right out of the sky,—
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
For, high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

GLOSSARY. Revels; down; mad; blare.

STUDY. What caused the wind to dislike the moon? What did the wind try to do? Relate step by step his doings. How did the moon take his efforts? Study the meaning of phrases like the following: "You stare . . . like a ghost," "he took to his revels," "she filled the night."



A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But oh, give me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—

And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

GLOSSARY. Sheet; lee; snoring; tight; merry; piping; heritage; gallant.

STUDY. Is this a song of delight in the dangers of the sea, or one of fear? Who sings it? Why is the ship compared to an eagle? How does the second stanza show the difference between the way an old sailor feels about the wind at sea and the way a landsman would feel about it? What is the difference between a "piping wind" and a "snoring breeze"? Explain line 17. Why is the ship referred to as "the hollow oak"? Would such a term be used in regard to the great steel-built ships of the present day?

PLANT A TREE

LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.

So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace;
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessèd tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!

Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant; life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

GLOSSARY. Sublime; prophesy; cloy; jargons; zephyr; benediction; vigor; sooth; immortality; wayfarers.

STUDY. For what reason do people generally plant trees? Notice what five things the poem says are planted by the one who plants a tree. Select the passages that make clear each of these results. Study carefully the following expressions: (1) "leaves unfold into horizons free"; (2) "every day a fresh reality"; (3) "the benediction thou shalt be"; (4) "youth of soul is immortality"; (5) "tents of coolness." What kind of help to humanity is of most worth, according to the last stanza? And what reward is the doer to have? Try to make clear the meaning of the last line.

Life is not measured by the time we live.

GEORGE CRABBE.

TIT FOR TAT

MARY FRERE

There once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugar cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I'll show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugar cane, and I am sure to find many crabs' bones and bits of fish by the river side, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented, and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eat the sugar cane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank, devouring all the crabs, bits of fish, and bones he could find.

But being so much smaller an animal, he had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugar-cane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him, and thought, "There is a Jackal among the sugar canes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they went down to the place to drive him away. But when they got there they found to their surprise not only a Jackal, but a Camel who was eating the sugar canes! This made them very angry, and they caught

the poor Camel and drove him from the field and beat him until he was nearly dead.

When they had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home." And the Camel said, "Very well; then jump upon my back, as you did before."

So the Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to recross the river. When they had got well into the water, the Camel said, "This is a pretty way in which you have treated me, friend Jackal. No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to beat me black and blue, and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The Camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees—then above them—up, up, up, higher and higher, until he was obliged to swim.

Then turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll."

"Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal.

"I don't know," answered the Camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner."

So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the

Turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll"

Jackal off as he did so. And the Jackal was drowned, but the Camel swam safely ashore.

From "Old Deccan Days."

GLOSSARY. Jackal; devouring.

STUDY. What proposal did the jackal make to the camel? Tell how the adventure came out. What answer did the jackal make to the camel's complaint? How did the camel then get even? Do you feel at all sorry for the jackal? State fully the reasons for your answer. Does the title of the story fit it?

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

GLOSSARY. Prig; sphere.

STUDY. Ought this fable make us think more or less highly of ourselves? Why did the mountain feel such contempt for the squirrel? What argument did the squirrel make to offset the mountain's bigness? What do we mean when we say that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world"?

THE SWAN, THE PIKE, AND THE CRAB

IVAN KRYLOV

When partners with each other don't agree,
Each project must a failure be,
And out of it no profit come, but sheer vexation.

A Swan, a Pike, and Crab once took their station
In harness, and would drag a loaded cart;
But, when the moment came for them to start,

They sweat, they strain, and yet the cart stands still; what's lacking?
The load must, as it seemed, have been but light;
The Swan, though, to the clouds takes flight,
The Pike into the water pulls, the Crab keeps backing.

Now which of them was right, which wrong, concerns us not;
The cart is still upon the selfsame spot.

GLOSSARY. Accord.

STUDY. Notice that the lesson of the fable is stated first and then a story is told to make the lesson, or truth, stand out clearly. Tell the story. Did each of the companions act according to his nature? Do you think that it is possible for them to pull together? What does the last stanza suggest about placing the blame? Can you get any hint from this story as to why so many good purposes go wrong in this world?

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD

FRANCES BROWNE

I

Once upon a time there lived in the south country two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep on a great grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages thatched with heath, and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost, nor had one of the shepherds ever traveled beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though brethren born, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog. This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead

and gone, because he was the elder brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them. Kind wouldn't quarrel with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agreeable. For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore tree, and kept their flock with pipe and crook on the grassy plain, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town, nor city, nor market place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; their milk gave them butter and cheese. At feast times every family killed a lamb or so; their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through it by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and give them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky happening for the sheep: from thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them. At the shearing time nobody clipped so close, and, in spite of all Kind

could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven; and as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again—no matter how chilly might be the days, or how near the winter. Kind didn't like these doings, and many a debate they caused between him and his brother. Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always strove to make him think he had got all the wool—so they were never done with disputes. Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion, but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. He had taken two crops off them, and was thinking of a third, —though the misty mornings of autumn were come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks,—when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away; and search as the brothers would, none of them was ever found again. Clutch blamed Kind with being careless, and watched with all his might. Kind knew it was not his fault, but he looked sharper than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go; and, count the flock when they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his

sheep with vexation. The other shepherds, over whom he had boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind, but all of them agreed that they had marvelous ill luck, and kept as far from them as they could for fear of sharing it. Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them from straying, and when the spring came back nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of their whole flock. They were watching these ewes one evening in the primrose time, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said—

"Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs."

"It is too little to keep them warm," said Kind. "The east wind still blows sometimes"; but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills: it was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun, but as he looked, three creatures like sheep scoured up a cleft in one of them as fleet as any deer: and when Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen. Clutch's first question was, what had become of them; and when Kind told him what he saw, the elder brother scolded him with might and main for ever lifting his eyes off them.

"Much good the hills and the sunset do us," said he, "now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest; but for my part, I 'll not stay on this plain to be despised for poverty. If you like to come with me, and be guided by my advice, we shall get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep boys."

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat field, hard by the cottage; but since his elder brother would go, he resolved to bear him company. Accordingly, next morning Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. All who saw them thought that they had lost their senses, for no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks, and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky. Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had taken, but the ground was so rough and steep that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back, if it had not been that their sheep were gone, and the shepherds would laugh at them.

II

By noon they came to the stony cleft up which the three old ewes had scoured like deer; but both were

tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy; but as they sat there, there came a sound of music down the hills, as if a thousand shepherds had been playing on their tops. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before. As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet, and the heaviness from their hearts; and getting up, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide heath, covered with purple bloom; till at sunset they came to the hilltop, and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass, and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe. He wore a long coat, the color of the holly leaves; his hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees; but both were as white as snow, and he had the countenance of one who had led a quiet life, and knew no cares nor losses.

"Good father," said Kind, for his elder brother hung back and was afraid, "tell us what land is this, and where we can find service; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own."

"These are the hill pastures," said the old man, "and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?"

"Good father," said Clutch, taking courage, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country; you would not find as much wool as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man for my business," replied the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet."

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets, and opening a leathern bag which hung by his side, the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from a stream hard by. The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal; and Clutch rejoiced in his own mind at the chance he had got for showing his skill with the shears. "Kind will see how useful it is to cut close," he thought to himself; but they sat with the old man, telling him the news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind him. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a great howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said to him:

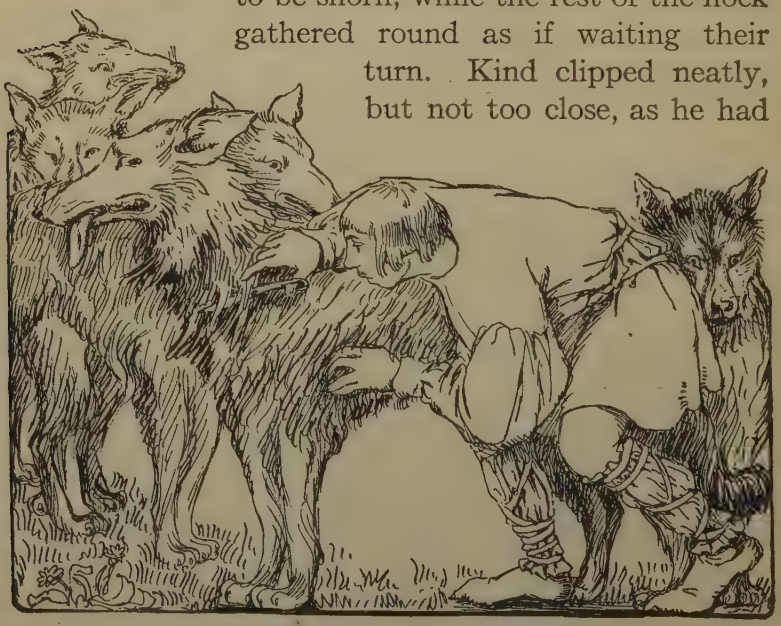
"Rise, and shear—this flock of mine have too much wool on them."

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he could n't think of losing the good service, and went forward with a stout heart; but the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears, and run behind the old man for safety.

"Good father," cried he, "I will shear sheep, but not wolves."

"They must be shorn," said the old man, "or you go back to the plains, and they after you; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim on his hard fortune, and his brother who had brought him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves; but Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears he had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn. Kind clipped neatly, but not too close, as he had



Kind clipped neatly, but not too close

wished his brother to do with the sheep, and heaped up the hair on one side. When he had done, with one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn.

Then the old man said:

"Ye have done well. Take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the very sheep which had strayed away so strangely. All of them had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them away with the flock, saying no man must see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies.

So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness. All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck.

They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

From "Granny's Wonderful Chair."

GLOSSARY. Covetous; pipe; crook; ewes; primrose; moorlands.

STUDY. Describe the country where the shepherds lived. What do the names of the two brothers tell you about them? Give incidents that show they were well named. What happened to increase Clutch's covetousness? What did it lead him to do? What was the result on the flock? What caused the two brothers to quarrel? Are you surprised at the way the other shepherds looked at the matter? Did the brothers have any idea what had become of their sheep? What did Clutch insist upon doing? Why would Kind have preferred to stay at home? Tell of their trip up the hills and what befell them there. Describe the old man they found there. What did he propose to Clutch? Why did Clutch fail? How do you explain Kind's good fortune? Did the other shepherds on the plain change their minds about the brothers? What lesson do you think this story teaches? Select some of the passages that you like best.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Philippians, iv, 8.

THE JOYOUS LAND

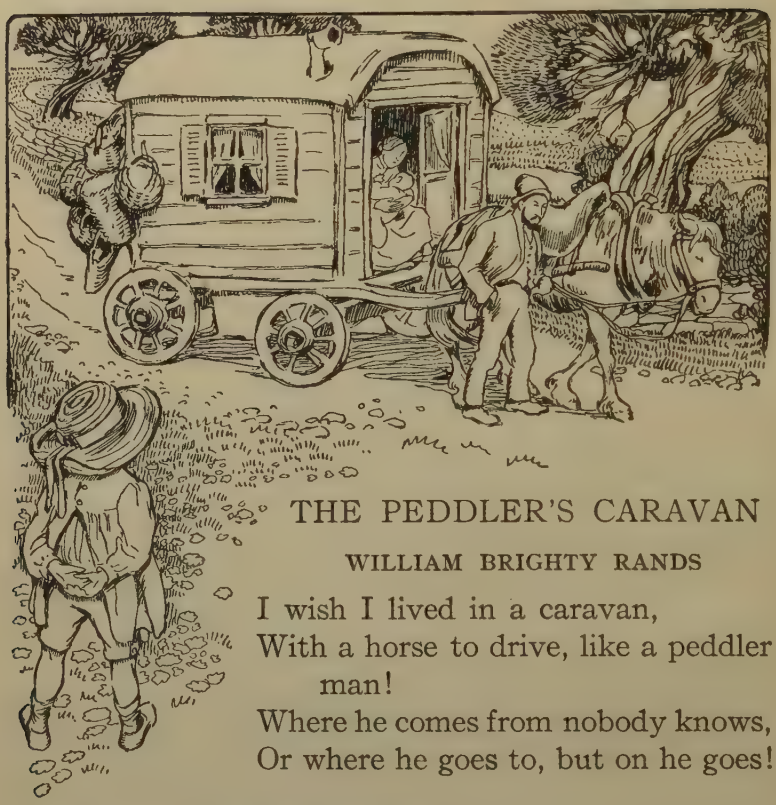
The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. . . .

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water: in the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah xxxv.



THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a peddler man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and slash, to the other side!

With the peddler man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

GLOSSARY. Caravan; peddler man; delf; bathing machine; Captain Cook.

STUDY. You have no doubt seen gypsies going over the country in some such wagon or van as that described here. Describe the caravan. What interesting things does the peddler have to sell? To what is his house compared? Would you like to travel in such a wagon? Why would it be like Captain Cook's travels?

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

MARY FRERE

Once upon a time a Brahman, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.

As the Brahman passed by, the Tiger called out and said to him, "Brother Brahman, brother Brahman, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute only, to drink a little water, for I am dying

of thirst." The Brahman answered, "No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."

"Oh, father of mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth that will I not. I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out, that I may drink some water and return."

Then the Brahman took pity on him and opened the cage door; but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said, "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward."

But the Brahman said, "Only do not kill me hastily. Let us ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die."

"Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will ask the opinion of six."

So the Brahman and the Tiger walked on till they came to a Banyan tree; and the Brahman said to it, "Banyan tree, Banyan tree, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan tree.

"This Tiger," said the Brahman, "begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or no?"

The Banyan tree answered, "Men often come to take refuge in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun; but when they have rested they cut and break my pretty branches and

wantonly scatter the leaves that sheltered them. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race."

At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahman; but the Brahman said, "Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six."

"Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way. After a while they met a Camel.

"Sir Camel, Sir Camel," cried the Brahman, "hear and give judgment."

"On what shall I give judgment?" asked the Camel.

And the Brahman related how the Tiger had begged him to open the cage door, and promised not to eat him if he did so; and how he had afterward determined to break his word, and asked if that were just or not.

The Camel replied, "When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me, and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race."

The Tiger would then have killed the Brahman, but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six."

So they both went again on their way. At a little distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadside. The Brahman said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Bullock.

The Brahman answered, "I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so; but when I had let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair he should do so or no?"

The Bullock said, "When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity."

Three out of the six had given judgment against the Brahman, but still he did not lose all hope, and determined to ask the other three.

They next met an Eagle flying through the air, to whom the Brahman cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Eagle.

The Brahman stated the case, but the Eagle answered, "Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth."

Then the Tiger began to roar, and said, "The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman."

But the Brahman answered, "Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked."

After this they saw an Alligator, and the Brahman related the matter to him, hoping a more favorable verdict. But the Alligator said, "Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to

kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest."

The Brahman gave himself up as lost; but once more he prayed the Tiger to have patience and let him ask the opinion of the sixth judge. Now the sixth was a Jackal. The Brahman again told his story, and said to him, "Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, say what is your judgment?"

The Jackal answered, "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place."

So the Brahman and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them. When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brahman, show me exactly where you stood."

"Here," said the Brahman, standing by the iron tiger cage.

"Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal.

"Exactly here," replied the Brahman.

"Where was the Tiger, then?" asked the Jackal.

"In the cage," answered the Tiger.

"How do you mean?" said the Jackal; "how were you in the cage? which way were you looking?"

"Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side."

"Very good," said the Jackal, "but I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage door open or shut?"

"Shut and bolted," said the Brahman.

"Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, what is your judgment?"

"Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brahman had done this, the Jackal said, "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger! When the good Brahman opened your cage door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, friend Brahman. Your road lies that way and mine this."

So saying, the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brahman went rejoicing on his way in the other.

From "Old Deccan Days."

GLOSSARY. Brahman; ungrateful; jackal; banyan tree; wantonly; persecutors.

STUDY. Why did the Brahman let the tiger out? What kind of man did his act show the Brahman to be? What did the tiger propose to do as soon as released? Why do you suppose he agreed to the Brahman's proposal about the judges? Relate the answers of the first five judges in order. Was each judgment true? Who was the last judge? How did he save the Brahman? Point out how his last remark to the tiger shows the mistake of the other judges. (It is never safe to make a rule that covers all people. There are always exceptions in individual cases. Even all jackals are not wise, as the story of "Tit for Tat" made clear.)

Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides: "This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides, but thou makest this monument famous."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MEG MERRILIES

JOHN KEATS

Old Meg she was a gypsy,
And liv'd upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were sweet blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
  No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
  Full hard against the moon.

And every morn of woodbine fresh
  She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
  She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
  She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
  She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
  And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
  A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
  She died full long agone!

GLOSSARY. Meg Merrilies; gypsy; moors; heath; broom; hard; garlanding; Margaret Queen; Amazon; chip; agone.

STUDY. Describe Old Meg's appearance as fully as you can from hints in the poem. What do you learn of her ways of living? Can you name any qualities of character which she possessed? Explain line 8; line 11. Do you feel sorry for her? Do you think she preferred her manner of living to any other? Is it a relief to have the information given in the last two lines?

I MAKE DIAMOND'S ACQUAINTANCE

GEORGE MACDONALD

I

Mr. Raymond's house was called The Mound, because it stood upon a little steep knoll, so smooth and symmetrical that it showed itself at once to be artificial. It had, beyond doubt, been built for Queen Elizabeth as a hunting tower—a place, namely, from the top of which you could see the country for miles on all sides, and so be able to follow with your eyes the flying deer and the pursuing hounds and horsemen. The mound had been cast up to give a good basement-advantage over the neighboring heights and woods. There was a great quarry hole not far off, brimful of water, from which, as the current legend stated, the materials forming the heart of the mound—a kind of stone unfit for building—had been dug. The house itself was of brick, and they said the foundations were first laid in the natural level, and then the stones and earth of the mound were heaped about and between them, so that its great height should be well buttressed.

Joseph and his wife lived in a little cottage a short way from the house. It was a real cottage, with a roof of thick thatch, which, in June and July, the wind sprinkled with the red and white petals it shook from the loose topmost sprays of the rose trees climbing the walls. At first Diamond had a nest under this thatch—a pretty little room with white muslin curtains;

but afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Raymond wanted to have him for a page in the house, and his father and mother were quite pleased to have him employed without his leaving them. So he was dressed in a suit of blue, from which his pale face and fair hair came out like the loveliest blossom, and took up his abode in the house.

"Would you be afraid to sleep alone, Diamond?" asked his mistress.

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am," said Diamond. "I never was afraid of anything that I can recollect—not much, at least."

"There's a little room at the top of the house—all alone," she returned: "perhaps you would not mind sleeping there?"

"I can sleep anywhere, and I like best to be high up. Should I be able to see out?"

"I will show you the place," she answered; and taking him by the hand, she led him up and up the oval-winding stair in one of the two towers.

Near the top they entered a tiny little room, with two windows from which you could see over the whole country. Diamond clapped his hands with delight.

"You would like this room, then, Diamond?" said his mistress.

"It's the grandest room in the house," he answered. "I shall be near the stars, and yet not far from the tops of the trees. That's just what I like."

I dare say he thought, also, that it would be a nice place for North Wind to call at in passing; but he said nothing of that sort. Below him spread a lake

"I shall be near the stars, and yet not far from the tops of the trees"

of green leaves, with glimpses of grass here and there at the bottom of it. As he looked down, he saw a squirrel appear suddenly, and as suddenly vanish amongst the topmost branches.

"Aha! little squirrel," he cried, "my nest is built higher than yours."

"You can be up here with your books as much as you like," said his mistress. "I will have a little bell hung at the door, which I can ring when I want you. Halfway down the stair is the drawing room."

So Diamond was installed as page, and his new room got ready for him.

GLOSSARY. Symmetrical; artificial; Elizabeth; quarry hole; legend; buttressed; thatch; page; abode; installed.

STUDY. Describe Mr. Raymond's house and its surroundings. Where did Diamond and his father and mother live? Why did Diamond move into the great house? Tell how he looked in his new suit. Why did he like his new room so well? Do you think you would have liked it as well as he did?

II

It was very soon after this that I came to know Diamond. I was then a tutor in a family whose estate adjoined the little property belonging to The Mound. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Raymond in London some time before, and was walking up the drive towards the house to call upon him one fine warm evening, when I saw Diamond for the first time. He was sitting at the foot of a great beech tree, a few yards from the road, with a book on his knees. He did not see me. I walked up behind the tree, and peeping over his shoulder, saw that he was reading a fairy book.

"What are you reading?" I said, and spoke suddenly, with the hope of seeing a startled little face look round at me. Diamond turned his head as quietly as if he were only obeying his mother's voice, and the calmness of his face rebuked my unkind desire and made me ashamed of it.

"I am reading the story of the Little Lady and the Goblin Prince," said Diamond.

"I am sorry I don't know the story," I returned. "Who is it by?"

"Mr. Raymond made it."

"Is he your uncle?" I asked at a guess.

"No. He's my master."

"What do you do for him?" I asked respectfully.

"Anything he wishes me to do," he answered. "I am busy for him now. He gave me this story to read. He wants my opinion upon it."

"Don't you find it rather hard to make up your mind?"

"Oh dear no! Any story always tells me itself what I'm to think about it. Mr. Raymond does n't want me to say whether it is a clever story or not, but whether I like it, and why I like it. I never can tell what they call clever from what they call silly, but I always know whether I like a story or not."

"And can you always tell why you like it or not?"

"No. Very often I can't at all. Sometimes I can. I always know, but I can't always tell why. Mr. Raymond writes the stories, and then tries them on me. Mother does the same when she makes jam. She's made such a lot of jam since we came here! And she always makes me taste it to see if it'll do. Mother knows by the face I make whether it will or not."

At this moment I caught sight of two more children approaching. One was a handsome girl, the other a pale-faced, awkward-looking boy, who limped much on one leg. I withdrew a little, to see what would follow, for they seemed in some consternation. After a few hurried words, they went off together, and I

pursued my way to the house, where I was as kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond as I could have desired. From them I learned something of Diamond, and was in consequence the more glad to find him, when I returned, seated in the same place as before.

"What did the boy and girl want with you, Diamond?" I asked.

"They had seen a creature that frightened them."

"And they came to tell you about it?"

"They couldn't get water out of the well for it. So they wanted me to go with them."

"They're both bigger than you."

"Yes, but they were frightened at it."

"And weren't you frightened at it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I'm silly. I'm never frightened at things."

I could not help thinking of the old meaning of the word *silly*.

"And what was it?" I asked.

"I think it was a kind of an angel—a very little one. It had a long body and great wings, which it drove about it so fast that they grew a thin cloud all round it. It flew backwards and forwards over the well, or hung right in the middle, making a mist of its wings, as if its business was to take care of the water."

"And what did you do to drive it away?"

"I didn't drive it away. I knew, whatever the creature was, the well was to get water out of. So

I took the jug, dipped it in, and drew the water."

"And what did the creature do?"

"Flew about."

"And it didn't hurt you?"

"No. Why should it? I was n't doing anything wrong."

"What did your companions say then?"

"They said—'Thank you, Diamond. What a dear silly you are!' "

"And weren't you angry with them?"

"No! Why should I? I should like if they would play with me a little; but they always like better to go away together when their work is over. They never heed me. I don't mind it much, though. The other creatures are friendly. They don't run away from me. Only they're all so busy with their own work, they don't mind me much."

"Do you feel lonely, then?"

"Oh, no! When nobody minds me, I get into my nest, and look up. And then the sky does mind me, and thinks about me."

"Where is your nest?"

He rose, saying "I will show you," and led me to the other side of the tree.

There hung a little rope ladder from one of the lower boughs. The boy climbed up the ladder and got upon the bough. Then he climbed farther into the leafy branches, and went out of sight.

After a little while, I heard his voice coming down out of the tree.

"I am in my nest now," said the voice.

"I can't see you," I returned.

"I can't see you either, but I can see the first star peeping out of the sky. I should like to get up into the sky. Don't you think I shall, some day?"

"Yes, I do. Tell me what more you see up there."

"I don't see anything more, except a few leaves, and the big sky over me. It goes swinging about. The earth is all behind my back. There comes another star! The wind is like kisses from a big lady. When I get up here I feel as if I were in North Wind's arms."

This was the first I heard of North Wind.

The whole ways and look of the child, so full of quiet wisdom, yet so ready to accept the judgment of others in his own dispraise, took hold of my heart, and I felt myself wonderfully drawn towards him. It seemed to me, somehow, as if little Diamond possessed the secret of life, and was himself what he was so ready to think the lowest living thing—an angel of God with something special to say or do. A gush of reverence came over me, and with a single *good night*, I turned and left him in his nest.

GLOSSARY. Tutor; rebuked; silly; dispraise.

STUDY. How did the writer first get acquainted with Diamond? What did they talk about? Why did Mr. Raymond "try" his stories on Diamond? Do *you* always know just why you do or do not like a story? How did Diamond differ from the other children who appeared? What is the old meaning of the word "silly"? See if you can tell why the author thought "little Diamond possessed the secret of life."

III

I saw him often after this, and gained so much of his confidence that he told me all I have told you. I cannot pretend to account for it. I leave that for each philosophical reader to do after his own fashion. The easiest way is that of Nanny and Jim, who said often to each other that Diamond had a tile loose. But Mr. Raymond was much of my opinion concerning the boy; while Mrs. Raymond confessed that she often rang her bell just to have once more the pleasure of seeing the lovely stillness of the boy's face, with those blue eyes which seemed rather made for other people to look into than for himself to look out of.

It was plainer to others than to himself that he felt the desertion of Nanny and Jim. They appeared to regard him as a mere toy, except when they found he could minister to the increase of their privileges or indulgences, when they made no scruple of using him—generally with success. They were however well-behaved to a wonderful degree; while I have little doubt that much of their good behavior was owing to the unconscious influence of the boy they called God's baby.

One very strange thing is, that I could never find out where he got some of his many songs. At times they would be but bubbles blown out of a nursery rime, as was the following, which I heard him sing one evening to his little Dulcimer. There were about

a score of sheep feeding in a paddock near him, their white wool dyed a pale rose in the light of the setting sun. Those in the long shadows from the trees were dead white; those in the sunlight were half glorified with pale rose.

Little Bo Peep, she lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them;
They were over the height and out of sight,
Trailing their tails behind them.

Little Bo Peep woke out of her sleep,
Jumped up and set out to find them:
"The silly things, they've got no wings,
And they've left their trails behind them:

"They've taken their tails, but they've left their trails,
And so I shall follow and find them";
For wherever a tail had dragged a trail,
The long grass grew behind them.

And day's eyes and buttercups, cow's lips and crow's feet
Were glittering in the sun.
She threw down her book, and caught up her crook,
And after her sheep did run.

She ran, and she ran, and ever as she ran,
The grass grew higher and higher;
Till over the hill the sun began
To set in a flame of fire.

She ran on still—up the grassy hill,
And the grass grew higher and higher;
When she reached its crown, the sun was down,
And had left a trail of fire.

The sheep and their tails were gone, all gone—
And no more trail behind them!
Yes, yes! they were there—long-tailed and fair,
But alas! she could not find them.

Purple and gold, and rosy and blue,
With their tails all white behind them,
Her sheep they did run in the trail of the sun:
She saw them, but could not find them.

After the sun, like clouds they did run,
But she knew they were her sheep:
She sat down to cry, and look up at the sky,
But she cried herself asleep.

And as she slept the dew fell fast,
And the wind blew from the sky;
And strange things took place that shun the day's face,
Because they are sweet and shy.

Nibble, nibble, crop! she heard as she woke:
A hundred little lambs
Did pluck and eat the grass so sweet
That grew in the trails of their dams.

Little Bo Peep caught up her crook,
And wiped the tears that did blind her;
And nibble, nibble, crop! without a stop,
The lambs came eating behind her.

Home, home she came, both tired and lame,
With three times as many sheep.
In a month or more, they'll be as big as before,
And then she'll laugh in her sleep.

But what would you say, if one fine day,
When they've got their bushiest tails,
Their grown-up game should be just the same,
And she have to follow their trails?

Never weep, Bo Peep, though you lose your sheep,
And do not know where to find them;
'Tis after the sun the mothers have run,
And there are their lambs behind them.

I confess again to having touched up a little, but it loses far more in Diamond's sweet voice singing it than it gains by a rime here and there.

Some of them were out of books Mr. Raymond had given him. These he always knew, but about the others he could seldom tell. Sometimes he would say, "I made that one"; but generally he would say, "I don't know; I found it somewhere"; or "I got it at the back of the North Wind."

GLOSSARY. Philosophical; scruple; paddock; crook; dam.

STUDY. How did Nanny and Jim explain Diamond's strange ways? What effect did he seem to have on them? Repeat the old rime about Bo-Peep, and then read Diamond's song. Try to see in your mind all the beautiful pictures he saw. Where did Diamond get these songs?

IV

One evening I found him sitting on the grassy slope under the house, with his Dulcimer in his arms and his little brother rolling on the grass beside them. He was chanting in his usual way, more like the sound

of a brook than anything else I can think of. When I went up to them he ceased his chant.

"Do go on, Diamond. Don't mind me," I said.

He began again at once. While he sang, Nanny and Jim sat a little way off, one hemming a pocket handkerchief, and the other reading a story to her, but they never heeded Diamond. This is as near what he sang as I can recollect, or reproduce rather:

What would you see if I took you up
To my little nest in the air?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside downwards there.

What would you do if I took you there
To my little nest in the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

As Diamond went on singing, it grew very dark, and just as he ceased there came a great flash of lightning, that blinded us all for a moment. Dulcimer crowed with pleasure; but when the roar of thunder

came after it, the little brother gave a loud cry of terror.

Nanny and Jim came running up to us, pale with fear. Diamond's face, too, was paler than usual, but with delight. Some of the glory seemed to have clung to it, and remained shining.

"You're not frightened—are you, Diamond?" I said.

"No. Why should I be?" he answered with his usual question, looking up in my face with calm shining eyes.

"He ain't got sense to be frightened," said Nanny, going up to him and giving him a pitying hug.

"Perhaps there's more sense in not being frightened, Nanny," I returned. "Do you think the lightning can do as it likes?"

"It might kill you," said Jim.

"Oh, no, it mightn't!" said Diamond.

As he spoke there came another great flash, and a tearing crack.

"There's a tree struck!" I said; and when we looked round, after the blinding of the flash had left our eyes, we saw a huge bough of the beech tree in which was Diamond's nest, hanging to the ground like the broken wing of a bird.

"There!" cried Nanny; "I told you so. If you had been up there you see what would have happened, you little silly!"

"No, I don't," said Diamond, and began to sing to Dulcimer. All I could hear of the song, for the

It was the voice of Diamond, up in his airy nĕst

other children were going on with their chatter, was:

The clock struck one,
And the mouse came down.
Dickery, dickery, dock!

Then there came a blast of wind, and the rain followed in straight-pouring lines, as if out of a watering pot. Diamond jumped up with his little Dulcimer in his arms, and Nanny caught up the little boy, and they ran for the cottage. Jim vanished with a double shuffle, and I went into the house.

When I came out again to return home, the clouds were gone, and the evening sky glimmered through the trees, blue, and pale green toward the west. I turned my steps a little aside to look at the stricken

beech. I saw the bough torn from the stem, and that was all the twilight would allow me to see. While I stood gazing, down from the sky came a sound of singing, but the voice was neither of lark nor of nightingale: it was sweeter than either: it was the voice of Diamond, up in his airy nest:

The lightning and thunder,
They go and they come;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.

And then the voice ceased.

"Good night, Diamond," I said.

"Good night, sir," answered Diamond.

As I walked away pondering, I saw the great black top of the beech swaying about against the sky in an upper wind, and heard the murmur as of many dim half-articulate voices filling the solitude around Diamond's nest.

From "At the Back of the North Wind."

GLOSSARY. Articulate; pondering.

STUDY. Relate the last incident told about. How did Nanny explain Diamond's lack of fear? What do the last lines that Diamond sang tell you of what he was most interested in? What do you think the author was pondering as he walked away? The little poem, "What would you see," has a very beautiful lesson in it about people who think they cannot enjoy what they cannot have for themselves. Read it carefully, and try to find out what this lesson is. Would you rather be like Diamond or like Nanny and Jim?

GEORGE MACDONALD

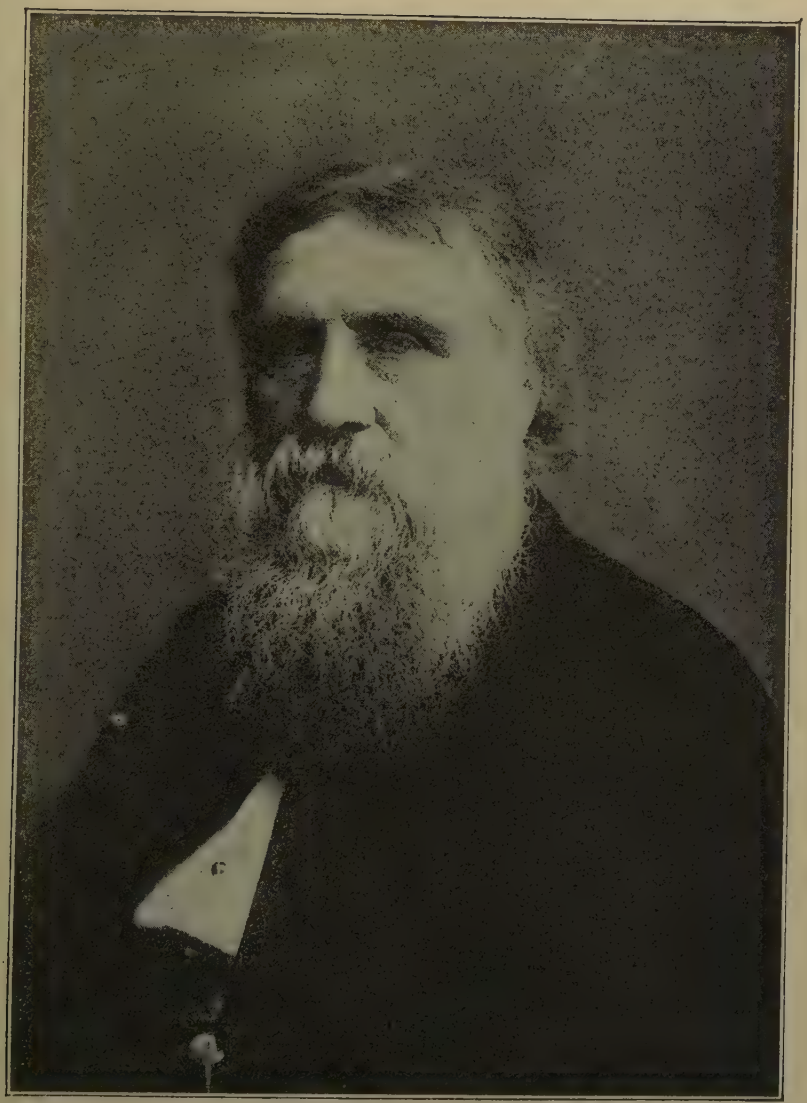
Of the making of books for young people there is certainly no end. But it is not an easy matter to write a book that will hold its own by the side of such masterpieces as *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*. These are not great simply as children's books, but because they hold the interest of all readers, whether old or young.

George Macdonald wrote books and poems for the grown-ups before he discovered his ability to write especially for the young. Some of his novels are highly thought of. His poems are simple and direct, and full of seriousness, as was everything he did in life.

He was born in Scotland in 1824. He was educated for the ministry, but was obliged to retire on account of ill health. He finally settled in London and spent the rest of his life in literary work.

Macdonald wrote four books that young people enjoy very much. At the head of the list we should place the one called *At the Back of the North Wind*. In this book the boy named Diamond is the chief figure. His mind is full of strange and beautiful fancies, so beautiful that we feel sure they must be true. The other books are *The Princess and the Goblin*, *The Princess and Curdie*, and *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*. The fine thing about these books is that they give us splendid stories of adventures and are, at the same time, wholesome and sincere.

Macdonald died in September, 1905.



GEORGE MACDONALD

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

LEIGH HUNT

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glar'd, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame

He leap'd among the lions wild

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seem'd the same;
She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave
can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love
for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will
be mine."

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd at
him and smil'd;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd
his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.
"By Heav'n!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he
rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that."

GLOSSARY. Francis; Count de Lorge; gallant; crowning; smother; vanity.

STUDY. Describe the scene "above" and "below" as given in the opening stanzas. What kind of king was Francis? What expression tells you that the count is in love? What did Francis mean by his first remark? Why did the lady think this would be a good time to test her lover? Tell how she did it and what followed. Do you agree with what King Francis said about it?

THE FROST

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight:
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powder'd its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers—and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

GLOSSARY. Margin; bevies; sheen.

STUDY. How did the frost contrast his way of going abroad with that of the snow, the hail, and the rain? What did he do to things out of doors? to the windows? What "thing that was hardly fair" did he do? Why? Notice expressions like "powdered its crest," "diamond beads," "coat of mail," "point of many a spear," and "silver sheen." These are all picture expressions to appeal to the imagination. You have no doubt often made out just such fanciful pictures. The word "tchick" is made to express the noise that a glass makes when the freezing water makes it crack.

AN EASTERN GARDEN

ABRAM S. ISAACS

In an Eastern city a lovely garden flourished, whose beauty and luxuriance awakened much admiration. It was the owner's greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf, flower, and tree seemed daily to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning, while taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths, he was surprised to find that some blossoms were picked to pieces. The

next day he noticed more signs of mischief, and rendered thus more observant he gave himself no rest until he had discovered the culprit. It was a little trembling bird, whom he managed to capture, and was about to kill in his anger, when it exclaimed: "Do not kill me, I beg you, kind sir. I am only a wee, tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. I would not furnish one hundredth of a meal to a man of your size. Let me free without any hesitation, and I will teach you something that will be of much use to you and your friends."

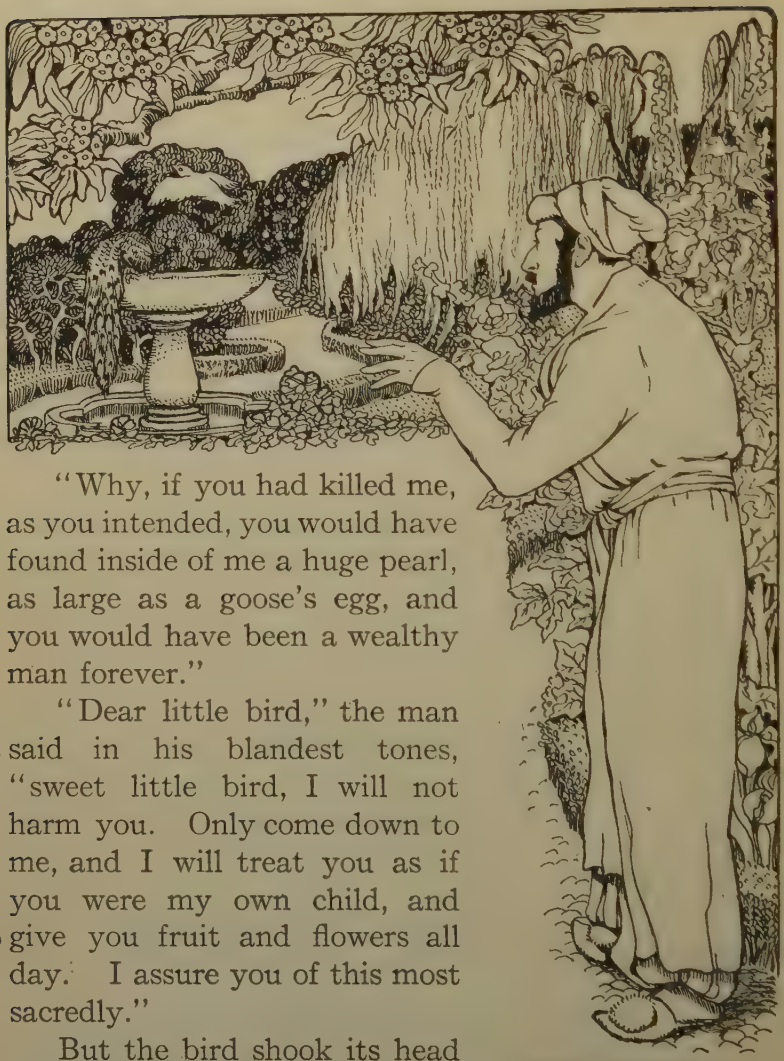
"I would dearly like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you were rapidly putting an end to my garden. It is a good thing to rid the world of such annoyances. But as I am not revengeful, and am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free this time." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three rules that should guide you through life, and if you observe them you will find your path made easier: Do not cry over spilled milk; do not desire what is unattainable; and do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice, and let the bird escape; but it had scarcely regained its liberty, when, from a high tree opposite, it exclaimed:

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost! But it is too late now."

"What have I lost?" the man asked, angrily.



The man let the bird escape

"Why, if you had killed me, as you intended, you would have found inside of me a huge pearl, as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said in his blandest tones, "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Only come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day. I assure you of this most sacredly."

But the bird shook its head sagely, and replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice which was

given him in all seriousness. I told you not to cry over spilled milk, and here you are, worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I asked you not to believe what is impossible, and you are rashly imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future, if you would become wise," added the bird, as with another twist of its head it flew away, and was lost in the distance.

From "Stories from the Rabbis."

GLOSSARY. Luxuriance; unattainable; blandest; sagely.

STUDY. Why was the owner of this garden so careful of it? How does this explain his feeling toward the bird? What plea and what promise did the bird make to secure its freedom? State the three rules given by the bird. What made the man regret that he had turned the bird loose? How did he try to secure it again? Explain how he had broken all three of the rules. Do you think human beings are often as "silly" in their efforts to secure the unattainable?

STARS

BARRY CORNWALL

They glide upon their endless way,
Forever calm, forever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night;
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet-orbèd Souls, for aye,
Forever calm, forever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

STUDY. What name is given to the stars in the first stanza? in the second? What four expressions tell how they "glide"? Read the passage which tells why the poet thinks we should be content not to ask the "whither," "whence," and "what" of the stars.

HUMILITY

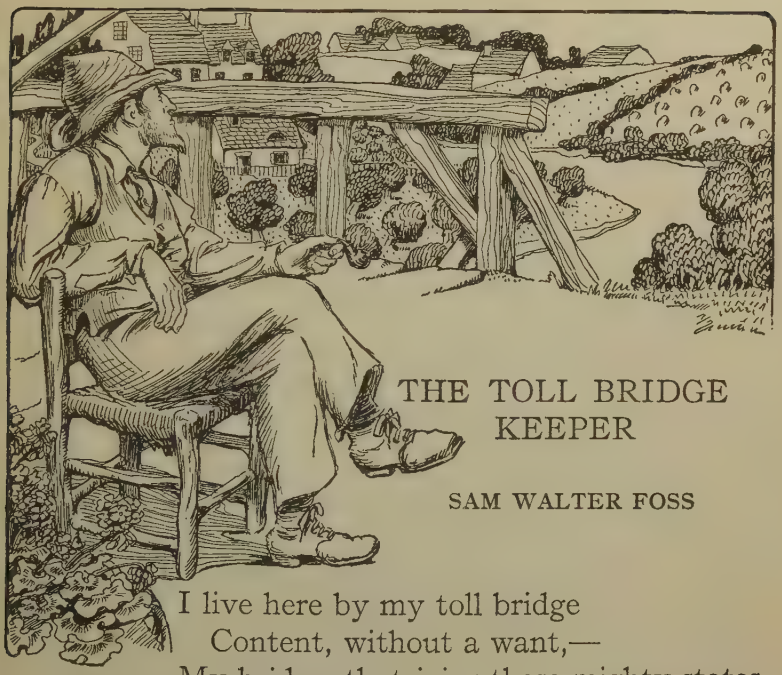
And he put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when he marked how they chose out the chief rooms; saying unto them,

When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.

But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee.

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

From Luke 14: 7–11.



THE TOLL BRIDGE KEEPER

SAM WALTER FOSS

I live here by my toll bridge
  Content, without a want,—
My bridge, that joins these mighty states,
  New Hampshire and Vermont.
The big Connecticut below
  Among its piers is whirled;
I'm acquainted with the river
  That's acquainted with the world.

For it goes winding on and on,
  Through bowlders, hills, and sand,
A crinkly silver watchchain
  On the jacket of the land.
And, though I live here all alone
  Within my cottage curled,

I'm acquainted with the river
That's acquainted with the world.

Through maple-sugar orchards,
And through the fields of hay,
And down through the tobacco farms
It winds upon its way;
And it sleeps in silent meadows
When the twilight settles down,
Then winds its cool, soft arm around
The hot brows of the town.

The people on the other side,
It is their only care
To cross to this, while people here
All wish to cross to there;
And after pondering long, I think
That, though the world is wide,
I am the only man on earth
Who's wholly satisfied.

And why should I not be content?
I sit here evermore,
While all the world to humor me
Goes riding by my door.
And when the latest wheel at night
Across the bridge is whirled,
I'm acquainted with the river
That's acquainted with the world.

"Why does my river hurry so?
What can its errand be?"
And it says, "I hear the music,
Hear the anthem of the sea."
"Stay and talk to me of cities
Where the many thousands be."
But it says, "I feel the magic
Of the music of the sea."

Well I know the truth, my river,
That thou sayest unto me,
For I, too, have felt the magic
Of the music of the sea.
Though I live far in the mountains,
Still the Stream of Life is whirled
Toward the mist-enshrouded ocean
That encircles all the world.

GLOSSARY. Toll bridge; Connecticut; crinkly; anthem; enshrouded.

STUDY. Who is the speaker? State all the reasons he gives for his supreme contentment. To what does he compare the river in stanza 2? Picture all that stanza 3 brings before your mind. What comparison with the rest of the world do you find in stanza 4? Notice the quaint conceit in the opening lines of the fifth stanza. How does the river explain its haste? In line 54, what does the poet call the river?

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

JONATHAN SWIFT

[The book called *Gulliver's Travels* is one of the most famous masterpieces in English literature. In it Mr. Lemuel Gulliver tells of four very strange trips. After much experience of the sea, he had settled down with his family, hoping to make a living as a surgeon. Failing in this, he accepted an offer to go on a ship just sailing for the South Sea. The first three sections following are from the account of this voyage to the land of Lilliput.]

I

We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees and 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the

waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look

upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul;* the others repeated the same words several times; but then I knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left

side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that

way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

GLOSSARY. South Sea; Bristol; Van Diemen's Land; immoderate; cable's length; shift; league; abated; declivity; conjectured; ligatures; buff jerkin.

STUDY. Locate on your map the scene of the wreck. Tell how Gulliver got ashore. In what kind of country did he find himself? Give an account of his situation when he awoke. How big were the strange people about him? Why did he not break loose from them? What strange arrangements did he see going forward?

II

But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every

part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped liked those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draft, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.*

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them,—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior,—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals,

who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials, under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon, I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and

His excellency, producing his credentials, spoke about ten minutes

hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let
225 them know that they might do with me what they

pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility, and cheerful countenances.

Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to get a little ease. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

GLOSSARY. Ingenious; dexterity; small wine; Burgundy; intrepidity; diminutive; prodigious; signet royal; disapprobation; potion.

STUDY. Describe the oration. How could Gulliver tell anything about what the speaker meant? How did Gulliver make them understand he was hungry? Give an account of the feeding. You can easily figure out the size of the things to eat by noticing the scale on which everything in Lilliput is made. Determine the size of a hogshead, of a sheep, of a fowl. Do you think a man could eat and drink as much as Gulliver did?

III

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined,

in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. The prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon

the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast.

All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off

unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a

turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

GLOSSARY. Express; countenance; patron; soporiferous; metropolis; half-pike; polluted; over against.

STUDY. Explain how Gulliver was taken to the capital city. What caused him to awake on the way? How was he received? What was done with him? Describe the temple where Gulliver was fastened. How did the people show their interest in him?

Suppose we should find a giant as much larger than we are as Gulliver was larger than the Lilliputians; would we be as excited over the matter?

IV

[In a second voyage Gulliver reached the land of Brobdingnag, where the men were sixty feet tall, and everything else in proportion. Stranger adventures, if that were possible, befell him here than in Lilliput. In the course of his stay he had a long talk with the king, and tried to explain to him the good qualities of the government of England. The king was not much impressed.]

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must, therefore, be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that must prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favor, I told him of an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed,

as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls, thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst, and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favor and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and

He was amazed how so impotent and groveling an insect as I could entertain such inhuman ideas

groveling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he

would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! That a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have arisen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings.

He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of

governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

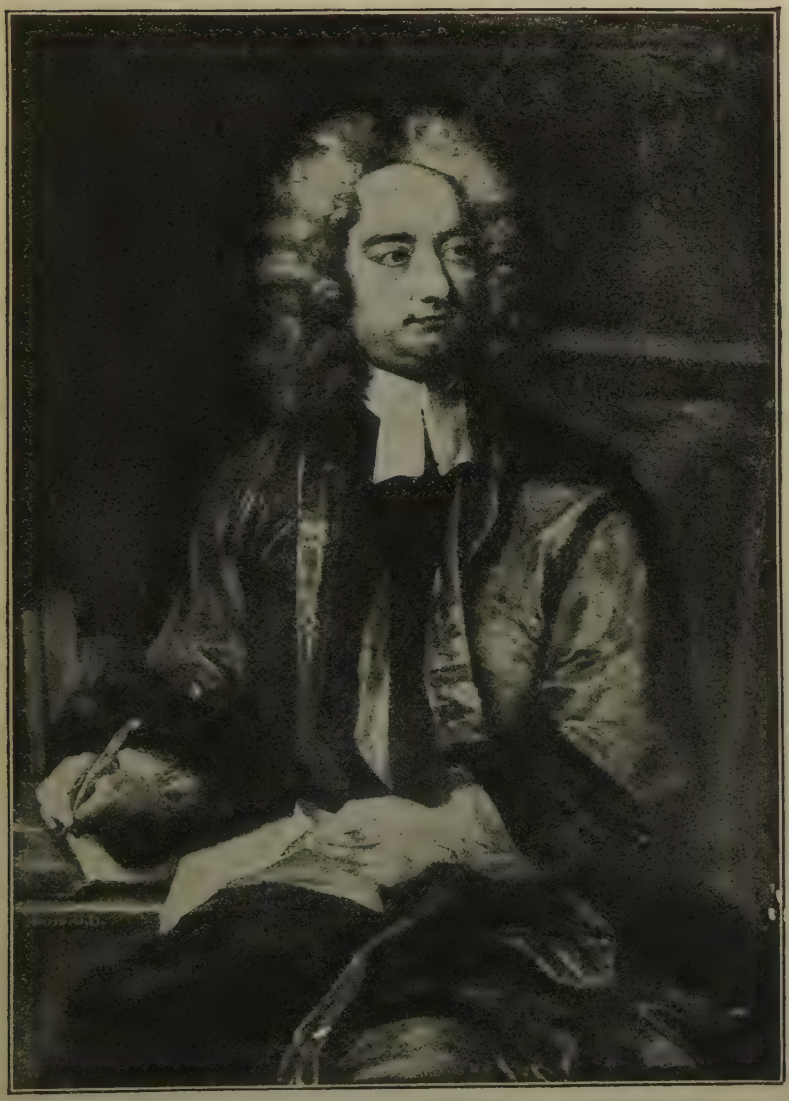
GLOSSARY. Politer; ingratiate; ingredients; impotent; groveling; privy; refinement; intrigue; lenity.

STUDY. How does Gulliver account for what he calls the prejudice and narrowness of the king of Brobdingnag? What special incident does he narrate to make this clear? How was the king affected by Gulliver's proposal? Do you feel about the king's views as Gulliver did? Is it not clear that the author wanted you to see that the king was as much wiser than Gulliver as he was larger? What sayings of the king do you especially like? One of his sentences is often quoted; which do you think it ought to be?

JONATHAN SWIFT

Jonathan Swift is one of the strangest as well as one of the most important figures in English literature.

He was born in Ireland in 1667. It is said that he could read any part of the Bible when three years old. He does not appear to have been a very good student either at school or at college. He said of himself that he had really been a dunce.



JONATHAN SWIFT

It seems more likely, however, that Swift was disgusted with the narrow, limited range of the studies taught, and with that independence which was a passion with him he devoted his time to history and poetry and whatever else appealed to him.

While still a young man Swift was taken into the household of an aristocratic relative near London. Here he was treated as a servant, and this increased his tendency to take a bitter and scornful view of life. But all this time he was studying and learning much both from books and people.

Swift began his literary career by writing poetry, upon which the great poet of that day, John Dryden, said to him, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

But he soon found his real field of work in the writing of prose satires. A satire is a work in which the follies and shortcomings of mankind are held up to ridicule. Swift is, without doubt, our most powerful satirist.

In Swift's time a writer had to mix with politics to have much chance of success, and he wrote many pamphlets, first for one party and then for the other. But it brought him little for himself; he was too independent to be a good party man. He was finally, in 1713, made dean of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, and held this office until his death in 1745.

The Battle of the Books was Swift's first important writing, and deals with the question as to whether the ancient or the modern writers are worth the more. In his *Tale of a Tub* he deals with questions

of theology and religion. His *Journal to Stella* is a diary in the form of letters, and shows the finer and tenderer side of Swift's nature.

The book by which he is best known is *Gulliver's Travels*. It tells of four imaginary journeys to strange and wonderful lands. The first two of these, the one to Lilliput and the one to Brobdingnag, form a favorite book for the young. In Lilliput the people are about six inches tall, while in Brobdingnag they are sixty feet tall. We read these stories for the delight of the strange events found in them, and rarely think of the keen satire.

The last years of Swift's life were very gloomy. Disappointed, bitter, with little faith in men, he gradually broke down under the stress of a strange disease of the brain. His masterful mind sank into imbecility. Dying, he left his fortune to found a hospital for treating unfortunates like himself.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

A Tale of the Talmud

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
(So in the Talmud you may read the story),
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All-amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king.

She held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers

"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learnèd liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find,
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,—
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

GLOSSARY. Talmud; sooth; piqued; cunning; all-amazed; hardly; liege; dexter; Israel; Solomon; Sheba.

STUDY. Why did the queen visit Solomon? What power had she heard attributed to him? How did she plan to test this power? What simple means did he use for answering her

question? Do you think this incident shows that Solomon was really wise? Turn to the book of Proverbs and select some "flowers of learning," "gems of wisdom," or "wholesome lessons" taught in "pleasing proverbs." State the moral of this story and comment upon it.

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE WORLD

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

If I were forced to be a boy, and a boy in the country,—the best kind of boy to be in the summer,—I would be about ten years of age. As soon as I got any older, I would quit it. The trouble with a boy is that just as he begins to enjoy himself he is too old, and has to be set to doing something else. If a country boy were wise he would stay at just that age when he could enjoy himself most, and have the least expected of him in the way of work.

Of course the perfectly good boy will always prefer to work and to do "chores" for his father and errands for his mother and sisters, rather than enjoy himself in his own way. I never saw but one such boy. He lived in the town of Goshen,—not the place where the butter is made, but a much better Goshen than that. And I never saw *him*, but I heard of him; and being about the same age, as I supposed, I was taken once from Zoah, where I lived, to Goshen to see him. But he was dead. He had been dead almost a year, so that it was impossible to see him. He died of the most singular disease: it was from *not* eating green apples in the season of them. This boy, whose name was

Solomon, before he died would rather split up kindling wood for his mother than go a-fishing,—the consequence was that he was kept at splitting kindling wood and such work most of the time, and grew a better and more useful boy day by day. Solomon would not disobey his parents and eat green apples,—not even when they were ripe enough to knock off with a stick,—but he had such a longing for them, that he pined, and passed away. If he had eaten the green apples he would have died of them, probably; so that his example is a difficult one to follow. In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from. All his little playmates who ate green apples came to Solomon's funeral, and were very sorry for what they had done.

John was a very different boy from Solomon, not half so good, nor half so dead. He was a farmer's boy, as Solomon was, but he did not take so much interest in the farm. If John could have had his way he would have discovered a cave full of diamonds, and lots of nail kegs full of gold pieces and Spanish dollars, with a pretty little girl living in the cave, and two beautifully caparisoned horses, upon which, taking the jewels and money, they would have ridden off together, he did not know where. John had got thus far in his studies, which were apparently arithmetic and geography, but were in reality the Arabian Nights, and other books of high and mighty adventure. He was a simple country boy, and did not know much about the world as it is, but he had one of his own imagination, in which he lived a good deal. I dare

say he found out soon enough what the world is, and he had a lesson or two when he was quite young, in two incidents, which I may as well relate.

If you had seen John at this time you might have thought he was only a shabbily dressed country lad, and you never would have guessed what beautiful thoughts he sometimes had as he went stubbing his toes along the dusty road, nor what a chivalrous little fellow he was. You would have seen a short boy, barefooted, with trousers at once too big and too short, held up perhaps by one suspender only, a checked cotton shirt, and a hat of braided palmleaf, frayed at the edges and bulged up in the crown. It is impossible to keep a hat neat if you use it to catch bumblebees and whisk 'em; to bail the water from a leaky boat; to catch minnows in; to put over honey-bees' nests, and to transport pebbles, strawberries, and hens' eggs. John usually carried a sling in his hand, or a bow, or a limber stick, sharp at one end, from which he could sling apples a great distance. If he walked in the road, he walked in the middle of it, shuffling up the dust; or if he went elsewhere, he was likely to be running on the top of the fence or the stone wall, and chasing chipmunks.

John knew the best place to dig sweet flag in all the farm; it was in a meadow by the river, where the bobolinks sang so gayly. He never liked to hear the bobolink sing, however, for he said it always reminded him of the whetting of a scythe, and *that* reminded him of spreading hay; and if there was anything he

hated it was spreading hay after the mowers. "I guess you wouldn't like it yourself," said John, "with the stubs getting into your feet, and the hot sun, and the men getting ahead of you, all you could do."

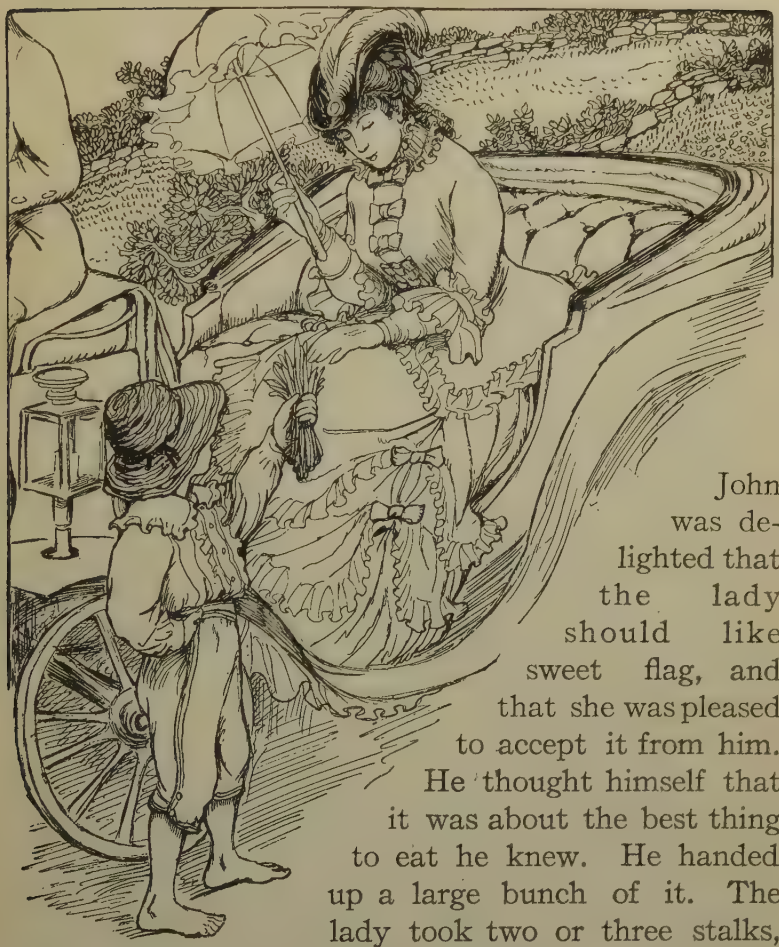
Towards evening, once, John was coming along the road home with some stalks of the sweet flag in his hand; there is a succulent pith in the end of the stalk which is very good to eat, tender, and not so strong as the root; and John liked to pull it, and carry home what he had not eaten on the way. As he was walking along he met a carriage, which stopped opposite to him; he also stopped and bowed, as country boys used to bow in John's day. A lady leaned from the carriage, and said,—

"What have you got, little boy?"

She seemed to be the most beautiful woman John had ever seen; with light hair, dark, tender eyes, and the sweetest smile. There was that in her gracious mien and in her dress which reminded John of the beautiful castle ladies, with whom he was well acquainted in books. He felt that he knew her at once, and he also seemed to be a sort of young prince himself. I fancy he didn't look much like one. But of his own appearance he thought not at all, as he replied to the lady's question, without the least embarrassment,—

"It's sweet-flag stalk; would you like some?"

"Indeed, I should like to taste it," said the lady, with a most winning smile. "I used to be very fond of it when I was a little girl."



He handed up a large bunch of sweet flag

John was delighted that the lady should like sweet flag, and that she was pleased to accept it from him. He thought himself that it was about the best thing to eat he knew. He handed up a large bunch of it. The lady took two or three stalks, and was about to return the rest, when John said,—

"Please keep it all, ma'am. I can get lots more. I know where it's ever so thick."

"Thank you, thank, you," said the lady; and as the

carriage started she reached out her hand to John. He did not understand the motion, until he saw a cent drop in the road at his feet. Instantly all his illusion and his pleasure vanished. Something like tears were in his eyes as he shouted,—

"I don't want your cent. I don't sell flag!"

John was intensely mortified. "I suppose," he said, "she thought I was a sort of beggar boy. To think of selling flag!"

At any rate, he walked away and left the cent in the road, a humiliated boy. The next day he told Jim Gates about it. Jim said he was green not to take the money; he'd go and look for it now, if he would tell him about where it dropped. And Jim did spend an hour poking about in the dirt, but he did not find the cent. Jim, however, had an idea; he said he was going to dig sweet flag, and see if another carriage wouldn't come along.

John's next rebuff and knowledge of the world was of another sort. He was again walking the road at twilight, when he was overtaken by a wagon with one seat, upon which were two pretty girls, and a young gentleman sat between them, driving. It was a merry party, and John could hear them laughing and singing as they approached him. The wagon stopped when it overtook him and one of the sweet-faced girls leaned from the seat and said, quite seriously and pleasantly,—

"Little boy, how's your mar?"

John was surprised and puzzled for a moment. He had never seen the young lady, but he thought that

she perhaps knew his mother; at any rate his instinct of politeness made him say,—

"She's pretty well, I thank you."

"Does she know you are out?"

And thereupon all three in the wagon burst into a roar of laughter, and dashed on.

It flashed upon John in a moment that he had been imposed on, and it hurt him dreadfully. His self-respect was injured somehow, and he felt as if his lovely, gentle mother had been insulted. He would like to have thrown a stone at the wagon, and in a rage he cried,—

"You're a nice—" but he couldn't think of any hard, bitter words quick enough.

Probably the young lady, who might have been almost any young lady, never knew what a cruel thing she had done.

From "Being a Boy."

GLOSSARY. Chores; Goshen; Zoah; Spanish dollar; caparisoned; Arabian Nights; chivalrous; sweet flag; succulent; mien; illusion; green; rebuff; instinct.

STUDY. This selection is full of a whimsical sort of humor. Read carefully the account of the good boy in the second paragraph. Why was his name Solomon? Does the speaker seem to think such a boy a possibility? In what ways was John different from Solomon? Describe John's appearance. Did it agree with his thoughts? Relate the experiences by which John came into contact with the world. Explain, as fully as you can, just why John was hurt so much by what took place. Why could Jim not understand the way John felt? Do you think grown-up people are sometimes careless about the feelings of children?

A PRAYER

EDWIN MARKHAM

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wide world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

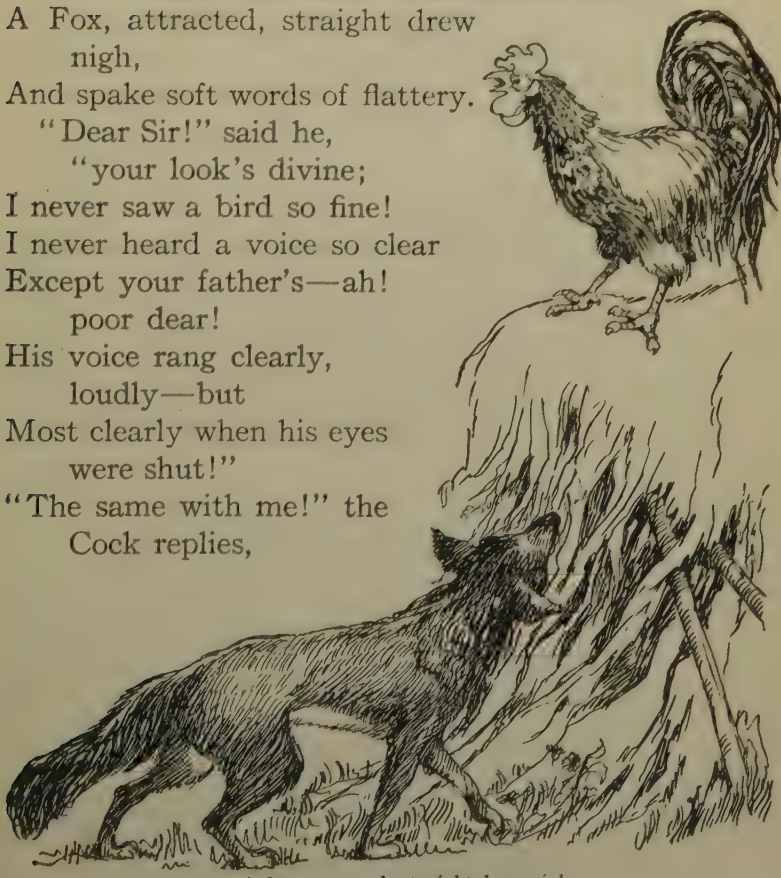
STUDY. What four appeals are made in this prayer? What objects are used to represent the qualities of character? Do these comparisons seem apt? Does the speaker ask for help for himself, or for qualities in himself that will help others?

THE COCK AND THE FOX

MARIE DE FRANCE

(Version by Professor W. W. Skeat)

A Cock our story tells of, who
High on a trash hill stood and crew.
A Fox, attracted, straight drew
nigh,
And spake soft words of flattery.
"Dear Sir!" said he,
"your look's divine;
I never saw a bird so fine!
I never heard a voice so clear
Except your father's—ah!
poor dear!
His voice rang clearly,
loudly—but
Most clearly when his eyes
were shut!"
"The same with me!" the
Cock replies,



A fox, attracted, straight drew nigh,
And spake soft words of flattery

And flaps his wings, and shuts his eyes.
Each note rings clearer than the last—
The Fox starts up and holds him fast;
Toward the wood he hies apace.
But as he crossed an open space,
The shepherds spy him; off they fly;
The dogs give chase with hue and cry.
The Fox still holds the Cock, though fear
Suggests his case is growing queer.
"Tush!" cries the Cock, "cry out, to grieve 'em,
'The cock is mine! I'll never leave him!'"
The Fox attempts, in scorn, to shout,
And opes his mouth; the Cock slips out,
And, in a trice has gained a tree.
Too late the Fox begins to see
How well the Cock his game has played;
For once his tricks have been repaid.
In angry language, uncontrolled,
He 'gins to curse the mouth that's bold
To speak, when it should silent be.
"Well," says the Cock, "the same with me;
I curse the eyes that go to sleep
Just when they ought sharp watch to keep
Lest evil to their lord befall."
Thus fools contrariously do all;
They chatter when they should be dumb,
And, when they *ought* to speak, are mum.

GLOSSARY. Hies; apace; hue and cry; queer; trice; contrariously.
STUDY. How did the Fox try to get the Cock to listen to him? With what result? How did the Cock escape? In what

respect were the Cock and the Fox alike? Why call them fools? Compare the lesson with that in "The Priest and the Mulberry Tree."

THE "OTHER-FELLOW"

WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other-Fellow! Now one of these is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. Thus, I do so-and-so, act so-and-so, seem to the world so-and-so; but the Other-Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think I have done or said a great and good thing; and they may shout my praises, far and wide. But the Other-Fellow sits inside, and says, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat, over and over again, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me, falsely; but the Other-Fellow will sit inside, and say, "Never mind, old boy! It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "well done" of the

Other-Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy, than that the "Other-Fellow" should sit inside and say, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

From "The Evolution of 'Dodd.'"

STUDY. Explain who the Other-Fellow is and what connection he has with yourself. What name do we generally give to what the author calls the Other-Fellow? Which is better, to have the approval of the world, or of the Other-Fellow?

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

STUDY. What four things are stated about the arrow in stanza 1? What made the poet think the arrow fell to earth? What points given in stanza 2 about the song parallel those already given about the arrow? Is it natural to suppose that, under the circumstances, the song "fell to earth," that is, had no effect of any kind? After reading stanza 3, what correction must be made in the supposed facts about both arrow and song? What had really happened to them? Do you think all deeds, however aimless (as shooting the arrow and breathing forth the song) have consequences, if we could but know? If so, ought we to be more careful of our least actions?

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

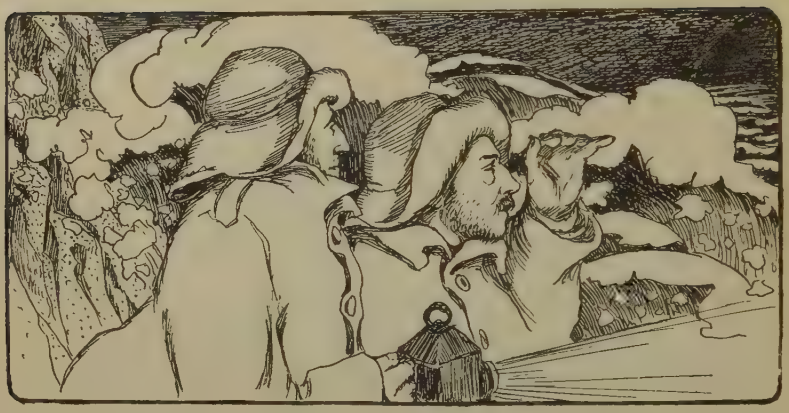
FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE COAST GUARD

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in the golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailèd host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast guard
Pacing along the strand,
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,

From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the lifeboat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast guard
And hold their lives in His hand!

GLOSSARY. Mailed host; strand; surfmen; halyards; trumpets.

STUDY. Did you ever sit before an open fire in the mood of reverie and watch the pictures come and go? What picture is suggested to your mind by the four opening lines? What scenes along the coast are called up by the speaker? What men are the central figures in these scenes? What is their business? What hardships do they experience? Picture clearly the imaginary scene of the last two stanzas. By what language does the author indicate the dangers of the wreck? Do you feel like joining in the benediction of the last two lines? Notice the many fine epithets, such as, "howling," "storm-beat," "hurrying," "pelting," "wind-swept."

THE RABBI AND THE DIADEM

ABRAM S. ISAACS

Great was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem, and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half distracted, for the mishap boded no good to her or her house, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result. As a last resource it was proclaimed in the public streets: "The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

In those times all nationalities flocked toward Rome; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls and crowded thoroughfares. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learned sage from the East, who loved

"Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited"

goodness, and lived a righteous life, in the stir and turmoil of the Western world. It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down, in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner.

He proceeded to the palace, and, undismayed at sight of long lines of soldiery and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

"What dost thou mean by this?" she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. "Why didst thou delay until this hour? Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited."

"I delayed until now," the rabbi answered calmly, "so that thou mightst know that I return the diadem, not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment; but solely to comply with the divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him."

"Blessed be thy God!" the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

From "Stories from the Rabbis."

GLOSSARY. Diadem; mishap; creeds; thoroughfares; rabbi; audience; forfeited; Talmud.

STUDY. Why was the empress so disturbed by the loss of her diadem? What means were taken for securing its restoration? What do you learn of the character of the rabbi? Why was

this remarkable? What did the rabbi do with the diadem upon finding it? What took place when he restored the jewels? Why was the empress so moved by what he had done? Suppose she had been less magnanimous; would you have thought the rabbi's risk worth the while?

OLD GRIMES

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

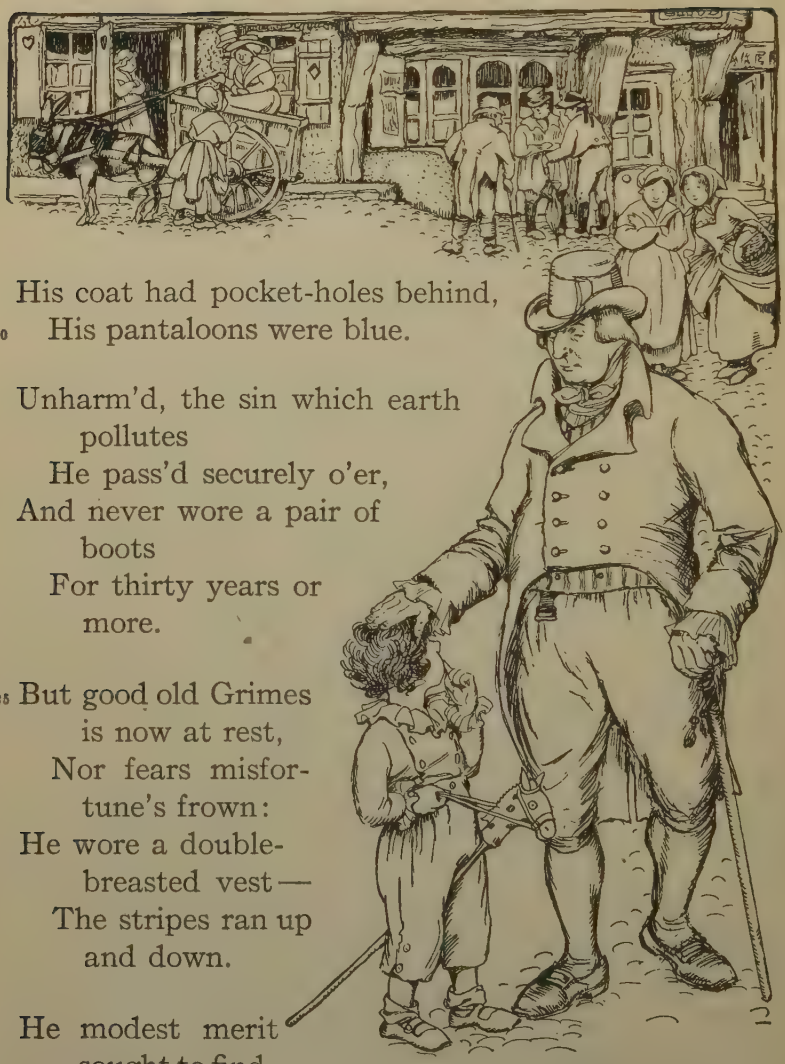
Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:



His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:

Kind words he ever had for all

He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

GLOSSARY. Queue; aquiline; double-breasted; desert; town meeting.

STUDY. Notice the odd mixture of pathetic and humorous touches in this poem. The first two lines of each stanza, as a rule, are devoted to characterization; the last two lines to some external traits in his dress or appearance. The "shock" thus caused is humorous. Just as you get your mind attuned to serious things, you are obliged to turn to some ludicrous fact. Read orally in such a way as to express forcibly this contrast. Taking the poem as a whole, what kind of opinion do you have of Old Grimes at the close?

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Now imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forest to keep people warm without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

Next look at our old historic chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt without being too intensely hot. How stately the old chair looks, as if it remembered its many famous occupants, but yet were conscious that a

greater man is sitting in it now! Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions.

Old Master Cheever had lived so long, and seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with asafetida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to

Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows

wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and he is the master's favorite—shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

But, as they are merely schoolboys now, their business is to construe Vergil. Poor Vergil! whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been mis-scanned, and misparsed, and misinterpreted by so many generations of idle schoolboys. There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and rum, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands, and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life

would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial,—the sentence quickly passed,—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice, for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the school-room, lo, what a joyous shout! what a scampering and trampling of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow; not till to-morrow; for to-day is Thursday lecture; and, ever since the settlement of Massachusetts, there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh, with the birch rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow, with troubles of its own.

Now the master has set everything to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

From "Grandfather's Chair."

GLOSSARY. Sanded; venerable; girdle; ferule; multitudinous; con; small clothes; Cambridge; asafetida; unction; construe; Vergil; polish; mis-scanned; misparsed; misinterpreted; sagacious; visionary; malefactors; irrepressible; reluctantly.

STUDY. Notice that the author takes you into the schoolroom and lets you see things for yourself. Picture the interior as you see it in paragraphs 1 and 2. What qualities of the old chair and of Master Cheever are brought out in paragraph 3? What difference do you notice in the way his "scholars" study their lessons and the way you study yours? Describe the class in Latin. What three "scholars" are picked out for prophecy? Which is the master's favorite? Why does the author feel sorry for Vergil? Give an account of the arithmetic class. In what way again do you look forward? Of what value will these boys be to the world? "Our old chair is now a judgment seat." Why? Tell what happens. (Alice is one of the children listening to the story. Do you feel as she evidently did about the punishment?) Describe the dismissal. Do the boys seem to realize the seriousness of school? Does the author seem to approve their attitude? How does the master's going differ from theirs? Hawthorne, in giving this vivid picture of the old school, also manages to suggest the value of going to school. Select passages that show this.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent thy day well.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

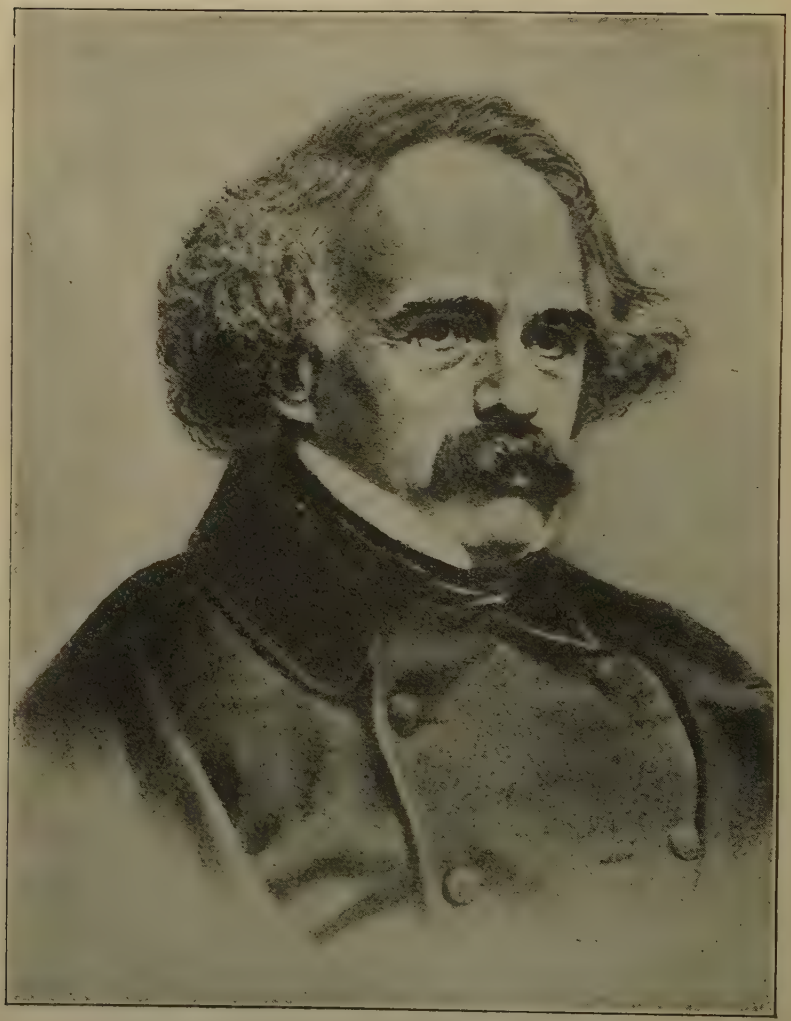
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804, at Salem, Massachusetts. His father, who was a sea captain, died when Hawthorne was four years of age. His mother lived a very retired life the rest of her days. Hawthorne's "sensitive, dreamy, and shy" nature seems a natural result of the habits of the family of which he was a member.

When fourteen years old he passed a year in the wilds of Maine. Long walks along forest paths, and winter nights of lonely skating on the frozen streams, seemed to please him. But they did not make it easier for him to come into friendly contact with people.

He was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, where he was graduated in 1825. His reading as a student there shows that his mind was already turning toward the life of thought and books. Among his college mates were Longfellow, the poet, and Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States.

For some years after he left college he seems to have devoted himself to a dreamy, quiet sort of life in the old family home at Salem. He wrote many things which he destroyed, and a few short stories which gradually began to find their way into print. At length, in 1837, he was prevailed upon to publish a collection known as *Twice-Told Tales*. While this book was not widely known at the time, it established Hawthorne's fame with the few who could recognize its good qualities.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

For a time he held a position in the customhouse at Boston, and then spent a year at Brook Farm. He married Miss Sophia Peabody in 1842, and settled down in the Old Manse at Concord. In the meantime *Grandfather's Chair* had been published, and the *Mosses from an Old Manse* had been written.

Then for some four years Hawthorne was in charge of the customhouse at Salem, losing this position in 1849. "Now," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "you can finish your book." And he went to work upon the subject that he had evidently been brooding over during his years at Salem. In 1850 *The Scarlet Letter* was published. This gloomy story at once placed Hawthorne among the great story-writers of the race.

In rapid succession he wrote two more powerful romances, *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Blithedale Romance*. His popular books for young people, *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, also belong to the years immediately following the Salem experience.

During Franklin Pierce's administration Hawthorne held the office of consul at Liverpool. He traveled much over England, and gathered the materials for the book called *Our Old Home*. This is a very interesting account of what he saw and thought while going about the country.

After leaving England he spent some time in Italy, where the last of his four long stories was written. This was *The Marble Faun*, published in 1860.

His health declined, and in the spring of 1864 he set

out with his old friend Pierce for a trip in the White Mountains. On the night of May 24 Hawthorne died suddenly at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

He was buried in the little cemetery at Concord, where Emerson and Thoreau also sleep, "on a hill-top under the pines." One of Longfellow's most beautiful poems is about Hawthorne's burial. The closing stanzas refer to the fact that Hawthorne left some stories unfinished.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, . . .
Come when it will, is equal to the need . . .
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SUDDEN SHOWER[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Barefooted boys scud up the street
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;
And schoolgirl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all,
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt,—the rain! the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes

[1] From *Rhymes of Childhood.* Copyright 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Behind the streaming window pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cowbells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the Catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rosebush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

GLOSSARY. Scud; alien; reverberation; Catawba.

STUDY. You have all known the sudden, unexpected coming of a hard shower of rain on a summer day. Try to recall your experience, and see if any items in it correspond to those in Mr. Riley's picture. Notice that you are told one detail after another. State these in the language of the poem. And finally, the baby within and the rooster without. Have you ever seen a rooster in just that attitude? Explain: (1) "voices call from alien homes"; (2) "the earth lies gasping."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

They told me in their shadowy phrase,
Caught from a tale gone by,
That Arthur, king of Cornish praise,
Died not, and would not die.

Dreams had they, that in fairy bowers
Their living warrior lies,
Or wears a garland of the flowers
That grow in Paradise.

I read the rune with deeper ken,
And thus the myth I trace:—
A bard should rise, mid future men,
The mightiest of his race.

He would great Arthur's deeds rehearse
On gray Dundagel's shore;
And so the king in laurel'd verse
Shall live, and die no more!

GLOSSARY. Arthur; Cornish; rune; ken; myth; bard; Dundagel; laureled.

STUDY. The place where most people learn of King Arthur and his famous knights of the Round Table is in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. When Arthur dies he is carried away by weeping queens to the island of Avilion, from whence, the old story said, he would come again. What do the first two stanzas tell you of the beliefs about Arthur? How does the poet interpret this story in the last two stanzas? In what way is Arthur to live again?

THE GOOD SWORD EXCALIBUR

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Soon after the crowning of King Arthur, he was journeying through the land with Merlin, the wise old magician, when they met a knight who challenged Arthur to a combat. The two fought, and at last the knight wounded Arthur severely. In the end the king was victorious, but he had lost so much blood that he could go no farther. Merlin took him to a good hermit who healed his wound in three days. Then the king departed with Merlin, and as they were slowly riding along he said:

"I am still weak from the blood I have lost, and my sword is broken."

"Do not fear," said Merlin. "You shall lose no more blood and you shall have a good sword. Ride on trustfully with me."

They rode in silence until they came to a lake, large and quiet, and as beautiful in color as a pearl. While Arthur was looking at its beauty, he became suddenly aware of three tall women, with fair, sweet faces, standing on the bank.

"Who are they?" the king asked.

"Three queens who shall help you at your worst need," answered Merlin. "Now look out upon the lake again."

Arthur turned his eyes upon the lake and saw that in the distance a slight mist had arisen. Through it the figure of a lady glided over the surface of the water.

The two fought, and at last the knight wounded Arthur severely

Her robe appeared to be made of waves which streamed away in flowing curves from her body. Her head and shoulders seemed wrapped in foam tinted with the colors of the rainbow, and her arms glittered with sparkles which came from bubbles of water. She was so wonderful that Arthur looked at her for some time before he asked softly:

"Who is she?"

"She is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She lives in a rock in the middle of the lake. See, she is coming toward us. Look at what is beyond her in the water."

Arthur looked, and saw rising above the surface of the water an arm clothed in pure white. This arm held a huge cross-hilted sword, so brilliant that Arthur's eyes were dazzled.

When the Lady of the Lake approached nearer, he said: "Damsel, what sword is that? I wish it were mine, for I have none."

The lady smiled, saying: "Step into yonder boat, row to the sword, and take it, together with the scabbard."

So Arthur entered a little boat that was tied to the shore, and rowed out to the sword. As he took it and the scabbard, all gleaming with jewels, the hand and arm vanished into the water. And when Arthur looked about, the three queens and the Lady of the Lake were also gone.

As Arthur, still gazing at the sword, rowed to shore, Merlin said to him:

Arthur entered a little boat and rowed out to the sword

"My lord Arthur, which pleases you more, sword or scabbard?"

"In truth, the sword," replied the king.

"Let me assure you," said Merlin, smiling gravely, "that the scabbard is worth ten of the sword. While you have it with you you shall never lose blood, no, no matter how sorely you are wounded. So see that you guard it well."

The king, who was looking at the sword, sighed.

"There is writing on the sword," he said.

"True, my lord, written in the oldest tongue in the world."

"*Take me* on one side," said Arthur, "and *Cast me away* on the other. I am glad to take the sword, but it saddens me to think of casting it away."

Merlin's face grew sad, too. He was so wise that he knew what was going to happen in the future, and he was well aware that when the time came to cast the sword away, much evil would have befallen the good King Arthur. But he knew that the time was yet very far off; so he said:

"You have taken the sword. Now use it to make justice and right prevail in all the land. Do not think of casting it away until you must."

Arthur grew joyful again as he felt the strength of the good sword in his hand, and the two rode cheerfully forward through the country.

From "King Arthur and his Knights."

GLOSSARY. Excalibur; Merlin; magician; hermit; tinted; cross-hilted; damsel; scabbard.

STUDY. What was the result of the fight between Arthur and the knight? How did Merlin encourage Arthur? How did Merlin explain the appearance of the three women on the shore of the lake? How did he explain the strange being that came from the lake? Tell how Arthur got his sword. What did Merlin tell him about the scabbard? Why was Arthur disturbed by the writing on the sword? How was it explained? Account for Merlin's wonderful knowledge of all these mysteries. What was the name of Arthur's sword?

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;

O'er the dark a glory spreads

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

GLOSSARY. Galahad; casques; brands; lists; thrall; crypt; transports; virgin; stalls; void; censer; meres; Grail; stoles; leads; fens; copses; hostel; grange; pale.

STUDY. In studying this poem keep in mind all the facts about the activities of the knights which you have learned. Don't worry about trying to understand all this poem means, or about trying to explain it. Commit it to memory; shut your eyes and try to see and feel it all as you repeat the lines. It is the passionate craving of the heart after absolute purity, expressing itself in the knightly ideals of prowess, courtesy, love, and mystical religion.

Upon what does Sir Galahad's strength depend? What shows that he has "the strength of ten"? The knights fought for church and lady. Which point is brought out in stanza 2; in succeeding stanzas? What does he refer to by the "mightier transports" of line 22? (All the rest of the poem shows him under these transports.) Describe the most vivid pictures brought to your mind in stanzas 3, 4, and 5. What do the last two stanzas indicate as to his ideals? What does it mean to find the Holy Grail?

THE GRASSHOPPER

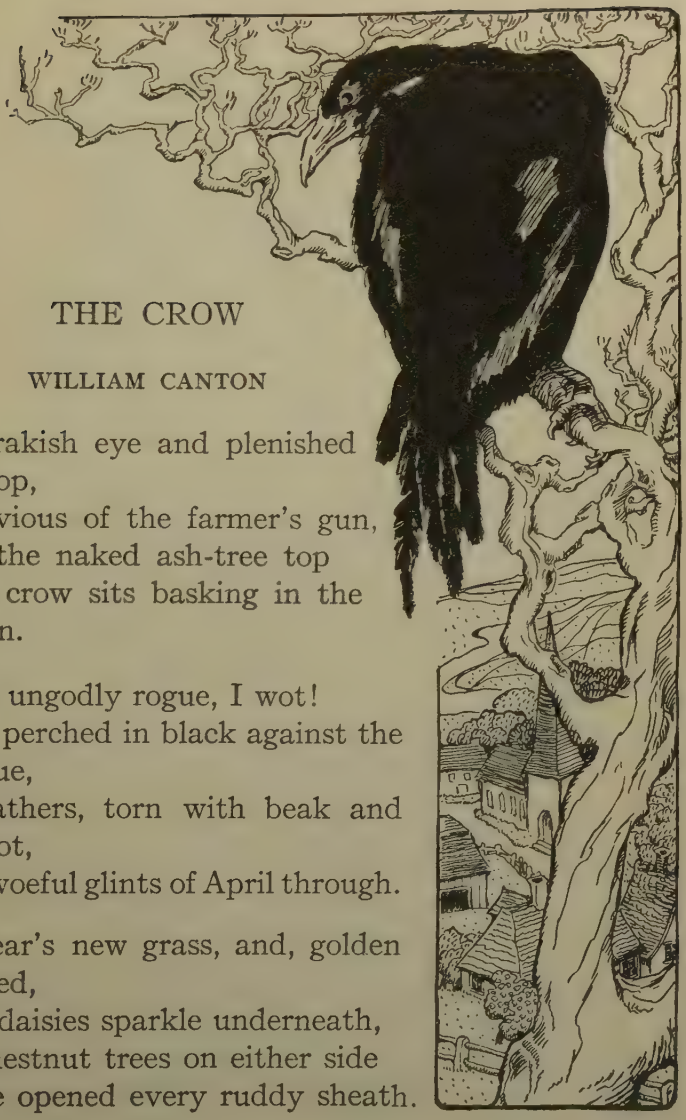
EDITH M. THOMAS

Shuttle of the sunburnt grass,
Fifer in the dun cuirass,
Fifing shrilly in the morn,
Shrilly still at eve unworn;
Now to rear, now in the van,
Gayest of the elfin clan:

Though I watch their rustling flight,
I can never guess aright
Where their lodging places are;
'Mid some daisy's golden star,
Or beneath a roofing leaf,
Or in fringes of a sheaf,
Tenanted as soon as bound!
Loud thy reveille doth sound
When the earth is laid asleep,
And her dreams are passing deep,
On mid-August afternoons;
And through all the harvest moons,
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,
Thy gainsaying doth not cease.
When the frost comes, thou art dead;
We along the stubble tread,
On blue, frozen morns, and note
No least murmur is afloat:
Wondrous still our fields are then,
Fifer of the elfin men.

GLOSSARY. Dun; cuirass; elfin; reveille; gainsaying.

STUDY. What leads the poet to call the grasshopper a shuttle? What is it called on account of its noise? Why speak of it as wearing the "dun cuirass"? What points about its fifing are brought out? What is the reason for the statement in lines 8 and 9? What is it that the grasshopper keeps "gainsaying"? Explain lines 18 and 19. In what way are the "frozen morns" different from the "mid-August afternoons"? What leads the author to use the word "elfin" with reference to the grasshopper?



THE CROW

WILLIAM CANTON

With rakish eye and plenished crop,
Oblivious of the farmer's gun,
Upon the naked ash-tree top
The crow sits basking in the sun.

An old ungodly rogue, I wot!
For, perched in black against the blue,
His feathers, torn with beak and shot,
Let woeful glints of April through.

The year's new grass, and, golden eyed,
The daisies sparkle underneath,
And chestnut trees on either side
Have opened every ruddy sheath.

But doubtful still of frost and snow
The ash alone stands stark and bare,
And on its topmost twig the crow
Takes the glad morning's sun and air.

GLOSSARY. Rakish; plenished; basking; wot; glints.

STUDY. The poem presents an unusually vivid picture. Try to draw it in outline. Explain the terms "rakish," "plenished," and "oblivious." Do you think the crow's appearance accounts entirely for calling him an "ungodly rogue"? How do the surroundings contrast with the ash tree? Explain line 13.

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

EDWARD LEAR

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way

And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumblebee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,

And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

STUDY. A nonsense poem is not likely to have any sense in it, by its very definition. But it is none the less enjoyable for all that, and you may notice that the world was a happier place when all its inhabitants got together. You have no doubt often played at making up words not in the dictionary, and at telling fantastic happenings, just for the fun of it. Pronounce all these strange words as they are written, and read the poem in a vigorous manner, as if you understood the meaning of every word.

THE RAT CHARMER

SELMA LAGERLÖF

It was getting on toward midnight when the gray rats after a diligent search succeeded in finding an open air hole in the cellar. This was pretty high upon the wall; but the rats got up on one another's shoulders,

and it wasn't long before the most daring among them sat in the air hole, ready to force its way into Glimminge castle, outside whose walls so many of its forebears had fallen.

The gray rat sat still for a moment in the hole, and waited for an attack from within. The leader of the defenders was certainly away, but she assumed that the black rats who were still in the castle wouldn't surrender without a struggle. With thumping heart she listened for the slightest sound, but everything remained quiet. Then the leader of the gray rats plucked up courage and jumped down in the coal-black cellar.

One after another of the gray rats followed the leader. They all kept very quiet; and all expected to be ambushed by the black rats. Not until so many of them had crowded into the cellar that the floor couldn't hold any more, did they venture farther.

Although they had never before been inside the building, they had no difficulty in finding their way. They soon found the passages in the walls which the black rats had used to get to the upper floors. Before they began to clamber up these narrow and steep steps, they listened again with great attention. They felt more frightened because the black rats held themselves aloof in this way, than if they had met them in open battle. They could hardly believe their luck when they reached the first story without any mishaps.

Immediately upon their entrance the gray rats

caught the scent of the grain, which was stored in great bins on the floor. But it was not as yet time for them to begin to enjoy their conquest. They searched first, with the utmost caution, through the somber, empty rooms. They ran up in the fireplace, which stood on the floor in the old castle kitchen, and they almost tumbled into the well, in the inner room. Not one of the narrow peep holes did they leave uninspected, but they found no black rats. When this floor was wholly in their possession, they began, with the same caution, to acquire the next. Then they had to venture on a bold and dangerous climb through the walls, while, with breathless anxiety, they awaited an assault from the enemy. And although they were tempted by the most delicious odor from the grain bins, they forced themselves most systematically to inspect the old-time warriors' pillar-propped kitchen; their stone table, and fireplace; the deep window niches, and the hole in the floor—which in olden time had been opened to pour down boiling pitch on the intruding enemy.

All this time the black rats were invisible. The gray ones groped their way to the third story, and into the lord of the castle's great banquet hall—which stood there cold and empty, like all the other rooms in the old house. They even groped their way to the upper story, which had but one big, barren room. The only place they did not think of exploring, was the big stork nest on the roof—where, just at this time, the lady owl awakened Akka, and informed her that

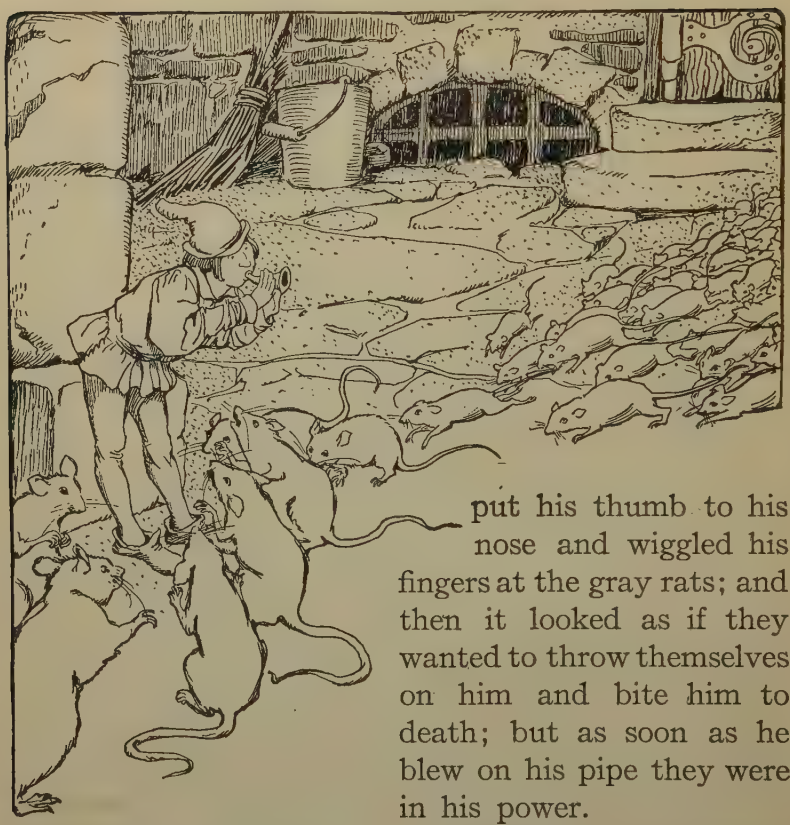
Flammea, the steeple owl, had granted her request, and had sent her the thing she wished for.

Since the gray rats had so conscientiously inspected the entire castle, they felt at ease. They took it for granted that the black rats had flown, and didn't intend to offer any resistance; and, with light hearts, they ran up into the grain bins.

But the gray rats had hardly swallowed the first wheat grains, before the sound of a little shrill pipe was heard from the yard. The gray rats raised their heads, listened anxiously, ran a few steps as if they intended to leave the bin, then they turned back and began to eat once more.

Again the pipe sounded a sharp and piercing note—and now something wonderful happened. One rat, two rats—yes, a whole lot of rats left the grain, jumped from the bins, and hurried down cellar by the shortest cut, to get out of the house. Still there were many gray rats left. These thought of all the toil and trouble it had cost them to win Glimminge castle, and they did not want to leave it. But again they caught the tones from the pipe, and had to follow them. With wild excitement they rushed up from the bins, slid down through the narrow holes in the walls, and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get out.

In the middle of the courtyard stood a tiny creature, who blew upon a pipe. All round him he had a whole circle of rats who listened to him, astonished and fascinated; and every moment brought more. Once he took the pipe from his lips—only for a second—



All round him he had a whole circle of rats

put his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers at the gray rats; and then it looked as if they wanted to throw themselves on him and bite him to death; but as soon as he blew on his pipe they were in his power.

When the tiny creature had played all the gray rats out of Glimminge castle, he began to wander slowly from the courtyard out on the highway; and all the gray rats followed him, because the tones from that pipe sounded so sweet to their ears that they could not resist them.

The tiny creature walked before them and charmed

them along with him, on the road to Vallby. He led them into all sorts of crooks and turns and bends—on through hedges and down into ditches—and wherever he went they had to follow. He blew continuously on his pipe, which appeared to be made from an animal's horn, although the horn was so small that, in our days, there were no animals from whose foreheads it could have been broken. No one knew, either, who had made it. Flammea, the steeple owl, had found it in a niche, in Lund cathedral. She had shown it to Bataki, the raven; and they had both figured out that this was the kind of horn that was used in former times by those who wished to gain power over rats and mice. But the raven was Akka's friend; and it was from him she had learned that Flammea owned a treasure like this.

And it was true that the rats could not resist the pipe. The boy walked before them and played as long as the starlight lasted—and all the while they followed him. He played at daybreak; he played at sunrise; and the whole time the entire procession of gray rats followed him, and were enticed farther and farther away from the big grain loft at Glimminge castle.

From "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils."

GLOSSARY. Forebears; ambushed; aloof; somber; uninspected; systematically; window niches; conscientiously; enticed; Glimminge.

STUDY. Describe the manner in which the gray rats made their way into the castle. How was this entry different from

what they expected? Notice all the elements of fear and suspense with which they went forward. What was the object of their coming? Why was their feast of short duration? Determine from reading the selection just what was "the thing" mentioned in line 66. Describe the piper, his strange actions, and the effect of the piping upon the rats. What was the piper's instrument like? What do you learn about its origin?

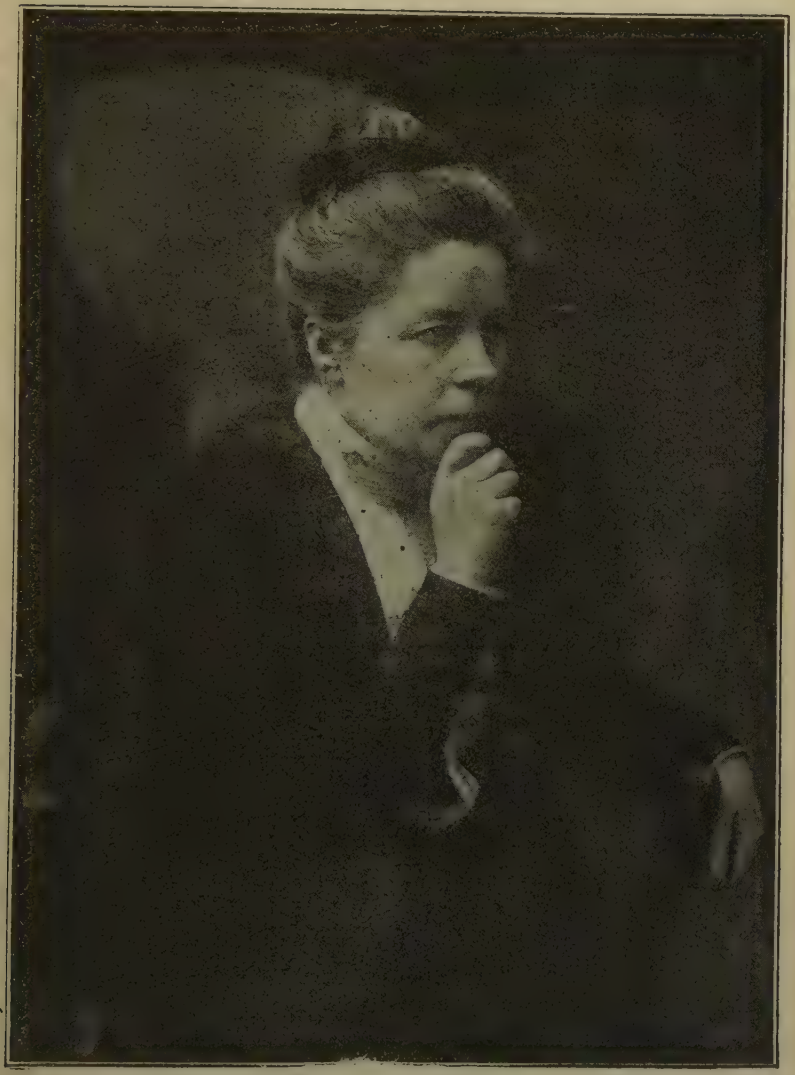
SELMA LAGERLÖF

The story of Selma Lagerlöf's life is itself a kind of fairy tale. She was born in 1858, in western Sweden, and began her career as a school teacher.

She tells us that all through her childhood the folk stories of her native land haunted her. She tried to write down the many forms in which they came to her, but always with the feeling that she had not succeeded.

When she was about thirty-two years of age a Swedish magazine offered a large sum of money for the best story to be published in its pages. She determined to try for this prize. On the last day of the contest she sent in her story. She had copied the last part of it in such a hurry that it could hardly be read. When she saw a statement in the paper that one story with a good beginning had been thrown out because the handwriting could not be read, she was sure it meant her story.

But a little later came a telegram telling her that



SELMA LAGERLÖF

she had won the first prize, and thus in a single day she became famous. She gave up her school and began writing in earnest, with greater and greater success as the years have passed.

The story with which her fame began was called *The Story of Gösta Berling*. It has been translated into many languages. Like all her stories, it is full of faith in the world and in people. She makes us glad to be alive. She is always looking for the good instead of for the bad. One of her characters, speaking of another, asks, "Have you seen that he has an angel in his eyes?"

A few years ago she was asked to write a book to be used in all the schools of her country. The result was *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*. A little boy was bewitched and carried away on the back of a wild goose. All over Sweden he went, and the wonderful things he learned are all put down in this book. What fun it would be if all our schoolbooks could be made as interesting as this!

In 1908 the fiftieth anniversary of Selma Lagerlöf's birth was celebrated throughout Sweden, and even in neighboring lands. "The schools held festivals in her honor; her poems and stories were recited at clubs and societies; telegrams of congratulation and appreciation from all kinds and classes of people, from the royal family down to poor peasant children who had read her fairy tales, were sent to her; lectures were given on her works; and the papers and magazines abounded in articles and portraits."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

ROBERT BROWNING

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking

The people to the Town Hall came flocking

To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First. if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

"First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke:
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

V

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinnertime
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

Like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running

When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

GLOSSARY. Hamelin Town; Brunswick; Hanover; Weser; sprats; noddy; obese; guilder; glutinous; Trump of Doom; newt; Pied Piper; Cham; Nizam; vampire bats; Cæsar; psaltery; dry saltery; nuncheon; puncheon; claret; Moselle; Vin-de-Grave; Hock; butt; Rhenish; Bagdat; Caliph; bate a stiver; ribald; piebald; Koppelberg Hill; needle's eye; duly; Transylvania; subterraneous; trepanned.

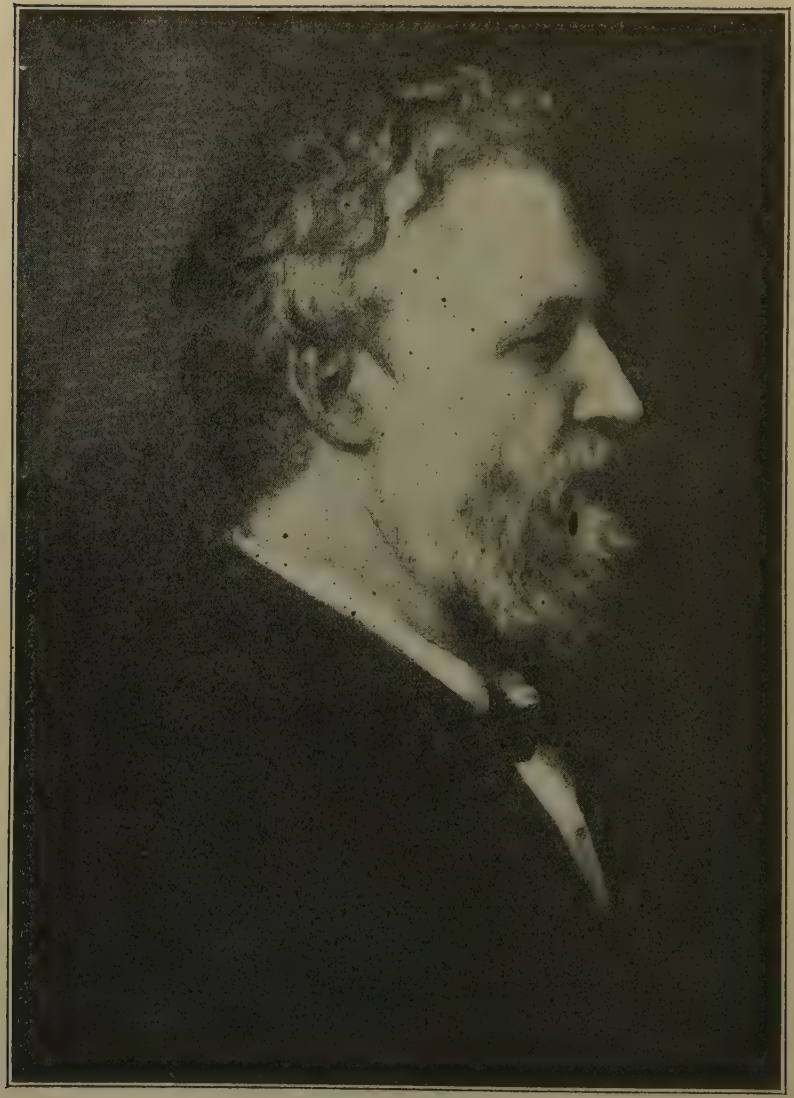
STUDY. Follow the story in the light of this topical analysis: I. The place—the occasion. II. The plague of rats.

III. The town meeting—Mayor and corporation ordered to find relief. IV. The council in despair—longing for a trap—a knock. V. The strange stranger. VI. The Pied Piper presents his recommendations—is offered any price to exert his charm. VII. The ease and complete success of his efforts—how it looked to a rat. VIII. The rejoicing—the bill presented. IX. Ingratitude and stinginess. X. The Piper's threat. XI. He is dared to do his worst. XII. The children charmed. XIII. The Piper's complete revenge. XIV. The futility of gold—later history. XV. On keeping agreements. This story was written to amuse a child and give him a subject for making drawings. Select some of the most vivid pictures. Notice the many queer rimes which Browning finds, such as *council—gown sell* and *Doom's tone—tombstone.*

ROBERT BROWNING

A poet whose work has puzzled the heads of the wisest readers does not seem at first thought to offer much for young people. There is a story, often repeated, that tells how a great English humorist, recovering from an illness, tried to read one of Browning's long poems, and not being able to understand it, thought he had lost his mind. He could be satisfied only by finding that others could not understand it either.

Very often such stories are taken for the whole truth, when they refer only to some particular piece of work. However, it is certain that one who tries to read Browning will find he needs to use all the mind he has. And he will need to know a great deal about people, and history, and geography, to understand some of Browning's poems.



ROBERT BROWNING

But it is not difficult to read such a poem as *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. This story was written for a boy who had been ill for some time, and needed something to occupy him. He was fond of drawing pictures, so Browning retold the old story of the Piper in such a way as to bring up a series of pictures for the boy to draw. He told the story so that it would have fun in it too, and fun is one of the finest medicines in the world.

Then, there is the story of that famous horse, Roland, who brought the good news, and that other more difficult story of the Eastern horse, Muleykeh, whom his owner could not bear to see beaten. The stirring account of the runner who carried the news of the battle of Marathon to Athens is told in *Pheidippides*, while the wonderful skill of the pilot who saved the French ships in their need, and would have no ordinary reward, is told in *Hervé Riel*. And there are many others easily read and understood.

Robert Browning was born in London in 1812. His whole life was devoted to poetry. He married the poet, Elizabeth Barrett, in 1846. They lived mainly in Italy until Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. After some years in London, Browning returned to Italy, where he died in 1900. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Among his works may be mentioned such different poems as *Pippa Passes*, *My Last Duchess*, *A Soul's Tragedy*, and *The Ring and the Book*. This last is the longest and perhaps the greatest of Browning's poems. His poems cover such a wide range that any reader is sure to find something of special interest.

THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLAKE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

GLOSSARY. Immortal; symmetry; sinews; fearful.

STUDY. You have seen a cat's eyes in the dark and know that they look like two balls of fire. A tiger is a larger cat, but imagine yourself coming face to face with one in a thick forest on a dark night! How would you feel about it? What are the questions that the poem asks? What is it that is pictured as the work of the smith in stanza 4? How are the stars represented in stanza 5? (Notice that the word "fire" in line 6 is read as two syllables. Why?)

THE STORY OF A SALMON

DAVID STARR JORDAN

I

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain,—a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that their mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that even in its own country Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch

woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish,—a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you

lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence" still went on.

GLOSSARY. King pin; cascades; Columbia; Cowlitz; incantations.

STUDY. Take a map of the northwestern United States and notice the location of the Columbia and other rivers, and the various cities and mountains mentioned. What do you learn of Mt. Tacoma in the first paragraph? By what other name is this mountain known? Observe that this story was written when Washington was still a territory. It became a state in 1889. Describe the first stages of the salmon's life. What shows the difficulties of this early life? Explain, "Heads I win, tails you lose." From the connection tell what is meant by the process of "addition, division, and silence."

II

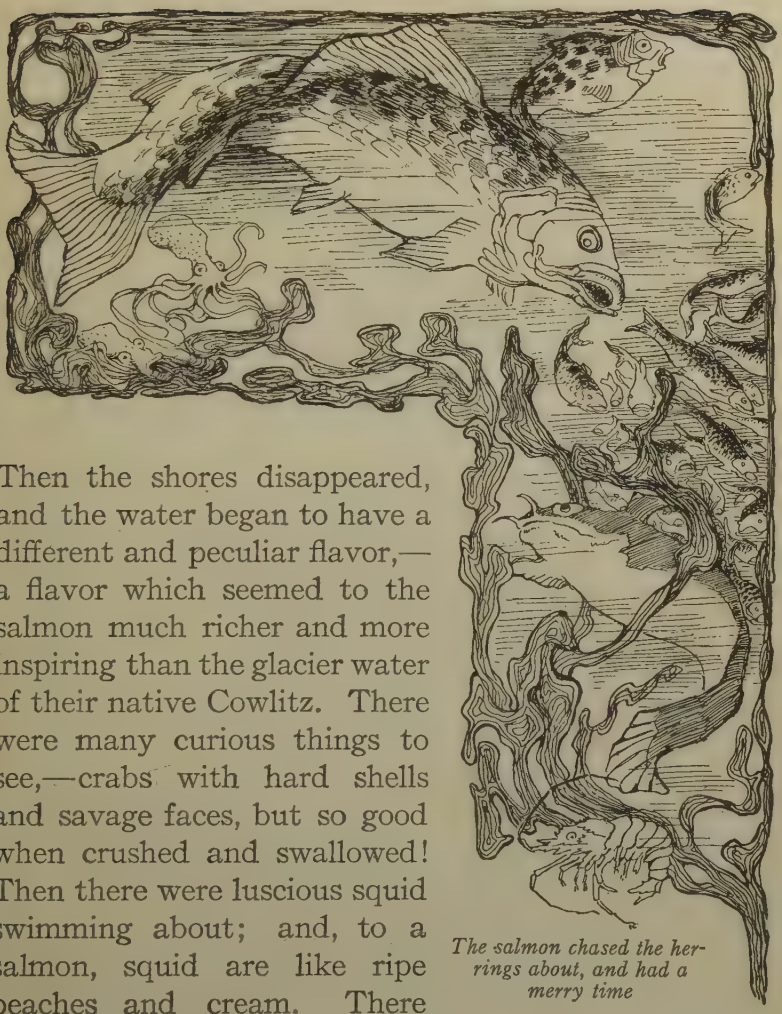
By and by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon fashion,—which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angleworm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the

stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angleworm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide and seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By and by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way.



The salmon chased the herrings about, and had a merry time

Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor,—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to see,—crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about; and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil

by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about, and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea lions,—swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

GLOSSARY. Squid.

STUDY. Follow the salmon in his journey down the stream after he got too large to be swallowed. What dangers did he have to face in this second stage of his existence? What did he observe in the case of the big salmon they met? Describe his life after reaching the ocean.

III

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like

a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snow-drifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddis-worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours is in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms for him. He turned his course straight toward the

direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straightforward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more from the Clackamas and the Spokane and Deschutes and Kootenay,—a great army of salmon,—were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse which urged them up the Columbia.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By and by men came in boats, and hauled up the gill net and the helpless salmon that had become

entangled in it. They threw the fishes into piles in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

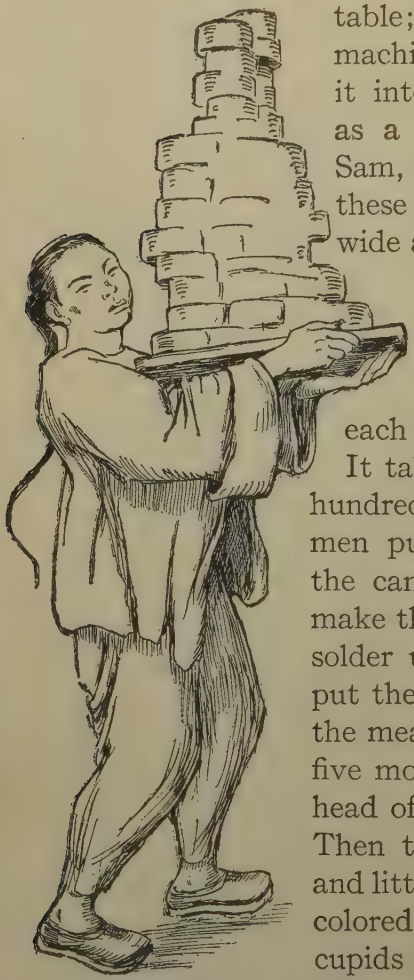
GLOSSARY. Optic lobe; blandishment; Clackamas; Spokane; Deschutes; Kootenay.

STUDY. How long was the salmon contented with his new life? What happened to disturb his content? What change took place in him? Tell what he and his companions did. What special danger did they encounter in going up the Columbia?

IV

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill net. These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July, and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought each day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously cuts off the head, the tail, and the fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water; and the head is dropped into a box

on a flatboat, and goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table; and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed cutter, cuts it into pieces each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher knife, cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Next Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft where the tinners are making them, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans into boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment



Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft

in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's," or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's," or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria, and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sidney and Valparaiso; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

GLOSSARY. Dexterously; Astoria.

STUDY. Explain step by step how the salmon are caught and prepared for the market.

V

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day,—which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches,—till finally he came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his many companions were with him; for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning

all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins; and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black, and his sides turned red,—not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful

teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on,—past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheatfields of Walla Walla; on up the Snake River and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root Mountains

in the Territory of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

They drifted on together for a night and a day, but they never came to the sea. For the salmon has but one life to live, and it ascends the river but once. The rest lies with its children. And when the April sunshine fell on the globules in the gravel, they were wakened into life. With the early autumn rains, the little fishes were large enough to begin their wanderings. They dropped down the current in the old salmon fashion. And thus they came into the great river and drifted away to the sea.

From "Science Sketches."

GLOSSARY. Hectic; flume of the Dalles.

STUDY. Follow our salmon in (1) his escape from the nets, (2) the other dangers of his journey, (3) the gradual changes that took place in his appearance, (4) and in that of his mate, (5) the depositing of the eggs, and (6) the final event of his life. Then notice that the author concludes by giving the beginning of the new cycle of the next generation. Does the story really interest you in the salmon as if a personal history? The pathos of the salmon's life as he inevitably works out the ceaseless and merciless round of nature is beautifully suggested. Select some of the passages that please you most.

THE ORCHARD

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

An orchard has a relation to mankind and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too, among apple trees that it gives them an additional claim to be the objects of human interest. One is harsh and crabbed in its manifestations; another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples that it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them: they

stretch out their crooked branches and take such hold of the imagination that we remember them as humorists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where there is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitude.

From "Mosses from an Old Manse."

STUDY. What likenesses between the orchard trees and human beings are brought out in this selection? What apple trees are suggestive of strong melancholy? Why call the apples from such trees "bitter-sweet"?

SONG OF THE RIVER

ABRAM J. RYAN

A river went singing adown to the sea,
A-singing—low—singing—
And the dim rippling river said softly to me,
"I'm bringing, a-bringing—
While floating along—
A beautiful song
To the shores that are white where the waves are so weary,
To the beach that is burned with wrecks that are dreary.

"A song sweet and calm
As the peacefulest psalm;
And the shore that was sad
Will be grateful and glad,
And the weariest wave from its dreariest dream
Will wake to the sound of the song of the stream:
And the tempests shall cease
And there shall be peace."
From the fairest of fountains
And farthest of mountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.

Down the slopes where the rocks are gray,
Through the vales where the flowers are fair—
Where the sunlight flashed—where the shadows lay
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on—and on—and on—
Day and night, and night and day;
Going and going, and never gone.
Longing to flow to the "far away,"
Staying and staying, and never still;
Going and staying, as if one will
Said, "Beautiful river, go to the sea,"
And another will whispered, "Stay with me"—
And the river made answer, soft and low,
"I go and stay"—"I stay and go."

"But what is the song?" I said at last
To the passing river that never passed;

And a white, white wave whispered, "List to me,
I 'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
A song whose grand accents no earth-din may sever,
And the river flows on in the same mystic key
That blends in one chord the 'forever and never.' "

GLOSSARY. List; mystic; chord.

STUDY. Try to read the poem so as to bring out the beautiful music of the river's song. How is the nature of the song made clearer by comparing it to a psalm? What two wills seem to direct the river? How can it obey both? What do you learn of the nature of the song from the last stanza? Does it not seem to be the expression of the great mystery of Nature's work?

IN PRAISE OF THE FATHERS

CHARLES SUMNER

Honor to the memory of our Fathers. May the turf lie gently on their sacred graves; but let us not in words only, but in deeds also, testify our reverence for their name. Let us imitate what in them was lofty, pure, and good; let us from them learn to bear hardship and privation. Let us now, who reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, study to enhance the inheritance we have received. To do this, we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the world to come.

From "The True Grandeur of Nations."

THE TRAIN

C. H. CRANDALL

Hark!
It comes!
It hums!
With ear to ground
I catch the sound,
The warning courier-roar
That runs along before.
The pulsing, struggling, now is clearer!
The hillsides echo "Nearer, nearer,"
Till like a drove of rushing, frightened cattle,
With dust and wind and clang and shriek and rattle,
Passes the cyclops of the train!
I see a fair face at a pane,—
Like a piano string
The rails, unburdened, sing;
The white smoke flies
Up to the skies;
The sound
Is drowned—
Hark!

GLOSSARY. Courier; cyclops.

STUDY. Observe how the form in which the poem is printed fits its ideas: the first sound of the train, its nearer approach; as the sound grows the lines increase in length, the train rushes by, the sound grows less, finally ceases. To what is the passing of the train compared? Why call it a "cyclops"? How are the rails like a "piano string"?

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

JAMES MACPHERSON

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

GLOSSARY. Ossian; awful.

STUDY. Notice the dignity of the language used. Select some of the most "high sounding" phrases. What contrast with other things of nature is brought out in the second paragraph? Explain the passage, "thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west." What contrast between youth and age is marked in the last paragraph? Make a list of the words in this selection that end in "est," and practice pronouncing them correctly and rapidly.

What hath this day observed? What hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BAYARD TAYLOR

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;

Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,

With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

GLOSSARY. Redan; tawny; Malakoff; Severn; Clyde; Shannon; Annie Laurie; Crimean; mortars.

STUDY. Explain the situation as you learn it from the first four stanzas. What did these soldiers look forward to on the morrow? Explain why they sang of love rather than of the glories of war. Why did the same song, "Annie Laurie," do for all, though some were Irish or English, instead of Scotch? Commit the splendid tribute of the last stanza.

THE BACKWOODSMAN WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

WILLIAM H. MACE

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His parents were so poor that they hardly knew that they were poor. When he was seven years old, his family crossed the Ohio River and settled in Indiana, which was a new state where there were many things to do.

Roasting ears of young corn over the fire

They found a place in the deep, dark forest, in the southern part of the state, and began to build a cabin for a home. Abe was an industrious little fellow and worked hard to help build it. It was not much of a house—only fourteen feet square. One side was left out, and here they built the fire. It was not very warm in winter and not very cool in summer. The hard ground was the floor.

The father was a sort of carpenter, and out of rough timbers he made the table at which they ate, and the three-legged stools on which they sat. He also made

the bedsteads, which consisted of poles driven into the wall. What more did they need?

In the loft of the cabin Abe made himself a bed of leaves. Every night he climbed into the loft by means of wooden pins driven into the wall. He was busy helping cut down trees and burning them to make room for a patch of corn and pumpkins.

The lad and his sister roasted the ears of young corn over the fire. The ripe corn was ground into meal from which corn bread was made. This was baked in the ashes or on a board in front of a bed of red-hot coals.

The woods, great thick woods for miles on all sides of them, were broken only here and there by a "clearing." In these forests Abe went hunting with a gun on his shoulder. He often came back laden with squirrels, wild turkeys, and other game.

They were living in the cabin when Abe's mother sickened and died. He was broken-hearted. She had taught him what little he knew. Her last words to him were: "Try to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father."

Many years after, when he became famous, he said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." She was put in a coffin roughly cut out of logs by the same tools that had made their furniture, and laid to rest in a corner of the clearing. Long years afterward a good man put a stone over the grave, with this inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of President

Lincoln, died October 5, A.D. 1818, aged 35 years."

After a year his father went back to Kentucky to look about for a wife. He found a widow, named Sarah Bush Johnston, and married her. He had known her before he met Nancy Hanks. She was thrifty and industrious, and her bedding and other household goods filled a four-horse wagon.

Before winter came she made her husband put a good floor, and a door, and windows in the cabin. She took charge of Abe and his sister, and made them "look a little more human." She put good clothes on the children and put them to sleep in comfortable beds.

Schools were scarce in that new country, and Abe never had more than a year at school. His step-mother encouraged him in every way to study at home.

When Abe got a taste for reading, it was hard to satisfy it. He read the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, a history of the United States, and Weems's *Life of Washington*. He borrowed the *Revised Statutes of Indiana*. These were all solid books, good for a young boy to read. When a sentence pleased him, he read it, and re-read it. If he did not own the book, he took many notes, filling his copy book with choice sentences.

John Hanks, a boy brought up with Lincoln, says: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read." He read, wrote, and ciphered incessantly.

Along forest roads, and across muddy prairies, they traveled

Young Lincoln was soon able to do a "man's labor," although only a boy. He was strong and powerful, and a great favorite. In that family of brothers, sisters, and cousins, his good-natured jokes and stories kept peace. Abe was the great story-teller of the family.

At the age of nineteen Lincoln reached his full height of six feet four inches. By that time he had read every book he could find, and could "spell down" the whole country. "He could sink an ax deeper into the wood than any man I ever saw," said a neighbor.

When Abe was twenty-one, the entire family started for Illinois. Along forest roads, and across muddy prairies, for two weeks they traveled till they came to the Sangamon River.

They built a cabin on the north fork of the river. With the help of John Hanks, young Lincoln plowed fifteen acres, planted it in corn, and split the rails from the tall walnut trees on the ground and fenced it.

The next year he was hired to take a flatboat to New Orleans. The boat was loaded with hogs, pork, and corn. The wages of the trip were fifty cents a day, and twenty dollars besides for each man.

They "poled" and rowed their slow way down the Ohio and the Mississippi. At New Orleans, Lincoln first saw a slave auction. He saw men and women sold. As he turned away he said to a friend: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." He did not then dream of the mighty blow he would one

day strike. After his return from New Orleans, he became a clerk in a store.

One day a woman gave Lincoln six cents too much. That very evening he walked several miles to find her and give back the money. At another time Lincoln found that he had not given a woman as much tea as she paid for. He went in search of her and gave her the rest of the tea.

About this time Lincoln joined a company of soldiers going to the Black Hawk War. An Indian chief named Black Hawk was on the "war path." All the frontier was up in arms against him and his band of braves.

Lincoln was well pleased when nearly all the men in his company walked over and stood by his side. This was their way of electing a captain. No election in later days gave him greater pleasure.

Little fighting was done by Lincoln's company, but sitting around the camp fires in the evening, he became famous as a story-teller, and he made many friends.

On his return from the war, though he was only twenty-three years old, he became a candidate for the state legislature, but was defeated.

A little later he was again a candidate. This time he won. After the election, he said to a friend: "Did you vote for me?" "I did," replied the man. "Then you must lend me two hundred dollars." Lincoln needed a suit of clothes and money to pay the expenses for traveling in a stagecoach to the capital!

In 1837 the legislature passed a set of resolutions in favor of slavery and condemning the Abolitionists. Lincoln could not stand this. He and one other man signed a protest declaring that slavery was founded on "injustice and bad policy."

Lincoln was reëlected to the legislature seven times. He generally got more votes than other men on the ticket because the people liked his quaint sayings and his unpretending manner.

In the meantime, after three or four years of study, he was given a license to practice law. He made it a rule never to take a case which he believed to be wrong. He was a successful lawyer but the road to fame by way of the law was a slow one. It gave Lincoln a chance to engage in politics, as we have already seen.

He liked "stump speaking." He liked to go about the country from one speaking place to another, or to travel from one county to another to meet the different sessions of the courts. He spoke for what he believed to be the truth. He was always in earnest, and made his hearers feel that he was sincere.

In 1840 he was one of Harrison's orators, and in 1844 he threw all his power and influence in favor of Henry Clay, his favorite among the great men, for the Presidency.

In 1846 the Whigs of Springfield, where he was then living, put Lincoln forward for Congress, and succeeded in getting him elected. He was not in favor of the war with Mexico, then going on, and was not selected to run again. Lincoln returned to Springfield, and began

the practice of law with greater success than ever before.

When Senator Douglas of Illinois, in 1854, carried the Kansas-Nebraska Bill through Congress, anti-slavery men all over the nation raised a storm of indignation. This bill repealed the Missouri Compromise, which had stood for thirty years, and threw the territories open to slavery.

Douglas spoke at the state fair, held in Springfield. He tried to explain why he favored the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Lincoln made a speech four hours in length, ably answering the argument of Douglas. This speech made him the champion for the anti-slavery people in the state against Douglas.

The same question was fought out between them at Peoria, a little later. Again Lincoln met Douglas's arguments. People began to talk of Lincoln as the next United States Senator. More and more, popular opinion in the state began to turn toward Lincoln.

Accordingly, in 1858, at Springfield, the Republicans in convention named Lincoln for United States Senator. He made a speech to the Republicans, in which he said that this country cannot remain half slave and half free—that it must become all slave or all free.

This called every man to face a new question. No greater question could be raised. Some friends of Lincoln pleaded with him not to say that the country could not remain half slave and half free. "I had rather be defeated with that expression in my speech than to be victorious without it," said Lincoln.

Douglas attacked this speech, and Lincoln challenged him to hold several joint debates before the people of Illinois. Seven debates were arranged, in which Douglas insisted upon opening and closing four.

The people of Illinois were mainly farmers in 1858. They traveled long distances to hear these giants debate the question of slavery. Some of them were several days coming and going—in wagons, on horseback, or on foot. The newspapers in the larger cities sent men to listen to these debates, and take down the words used by Lincoln and Douglas. The editors knew the people were anxiously waiting to read what these men had to say about slavery.

"Can the people of a . . . Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen . . . exclude slavery?" Lincoln asked. "Yes," said Douglas. That was a fatal answer. For, by this answer, Douglas lost the support of the Democrats of the South, although he held the Democrats of Illinois. He could still be Senator, but he could never be President.

The debates went on. "I do not perceive," said Lincoln, "that because the white man is to have the superior position, the negro should be denied everything . . . there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights [named] in the Declaration of Independence . . . I agree with Judge Douglas, he [the negro] is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowments. But, in the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else,

which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man."

These debates made Lincoln widely known. He accepted invitations to speak in Ohio, New York, and New England.

In May, 1860, the Republicans of Illinois met in state convention. Lincoln was there. The people picked him up, lifted him over their heads, and placed him on the platform. The cheering was loud. Just at this moment John Hanks came into the hall carrying two fence rails, with the stars and stripes mounted between them, bearing in large words the following: "Taken from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon Bottom in the year 1830." The people stood up and cheered, and threw their hats high and shouted for Lincoln, the "rail-splitter." He made them a speech. The convention then and there named him as the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the next President of the United States.

A few weeks later Abraham Lincoln was nominated in Chicago by the National Convention of the Republican party for the Presidency. Just as the passage of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill killed the old Whig party, so the debates between Lincoln and Douglas split the Democratic party into a Northern and a Southern wing.

Douglas was nominated by the Northern wing, and Breckenridge by the Southern wing. This division

in the Democratic party resulted in the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, in November, 1860.

During the fall and winter, seven Southern states left the Union, and set up a government called the "Confederate States of America." They had their government all in running order before Lincoln left Springfield.

In February, 1861, Lincoln said good-by to the people of Springfield, and started for Washington to take his seat as President. The people were bound to see him and hear his voice and shake his hand. Along the route there were cheers, bonfires, and military parades with miles of marching men. At Philadelphia, he raised a flag over Independence Hall. He made a touching speech in regard to the men of the Revolution who had sat in that hall, and pledged himself to abide by the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

On March 4, with soldiers guarding the capitol, Lincoln read his inaugural address and took the oath of office which all Presidents before him had taken. This speech was listened to with the greatest interest. It was now plain to everybody that Lincoln meant to fight, if fighting were necessary to save the Union.

In April Confederates fired on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. After awful hardships, Colonel Anderson and his men surrendered the fort to the Confederate troops.

Lincoln immediately sent forth the call for seventy-five thousand men. War had come—civil war, the most dreadful kind of war. Four more states left the

Union, and joined the "Confederate States." But the slave states of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri remained with the Union. Lincoln made it a war to save the Union and not a war to get rid of slavery. The great majority at the North were willing to fight for the Union which Jackson, Webster, and Clay had done so much to save.

But the slavery question would keep coming up. The Confederates used the slaves to build forts, cook for the army, and to do other work. Thus the slave took the place of the white soldier. Other slaves raised food supplies and cared for the women. In this way the slaves were constantly being used to help fight against the Union.

The time had come to destroy slavery. Lincoln now saw that by freeing the slaves he could strike a heavy blow at the Confederacy. So as commander-in-chief of the Union armies, he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation January 1, 1863.

The war, however, continued more than two years longer. The long list of dead and wounded on both sides saddened Lincoln. Day by day the lines in his kindly face grew deeper.

Finally the news came that General Grant had hammered General Lee's lines to pieces, and that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were leaving Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy.

Early in April President Lincoln went to visit Richmond. He saw a city on fire, and a mob breaking into houses.

Grant was pursuing Lee's army. He overtook it, and on April 8 offered terms of surrender. Lee accepted. The President's heart was filled with gratitude that no more lives were to be sacrificed on either side.

The evening of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to Ford's Theater in Washington to rest his body and mind. As he sat in a box, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, shot him in the back of the head. Booth sprang upon the stage, flourished his revolver, and escaped.

Abraham Lincoln died the next day. Thus the nation lost a great man. He was truly a man "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

Many monuments have been built to honor the name of this great man. The most unique one is in Edinburgh, Scotland—it is a life size statue with one hand holding the Emancipation Proclamation and with the other striking the chains from a half-rising slave. The largest memorial is at Springfield, Illinois, the home of Lincoln and where he lies buried. One of the most celebrated is the St. Gaudens statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

From "Stories of Heroism."

GLOSSARY. Revised Statutes; incessantly; Sangamon; poled; frontier; Abolitionists; policy; stump speaking; Douglas; Missouri Compromise; Kansas-Nebraska Bill; endowments; Breckenridge; inaugural; emancipation; unique; St. Gaudens.

STUDY. Tell the story of Lincoln's early life. In what kind of house did he live? What did he owe to his mother and his stepmother? What books did he read and how did he read them? Tell what you can of Lincoln's appearance. What instances are given of his honesty? Tell about his trip to

New Orleans. What made him popular with the people? Give an account of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Tell the story of Lincoln's presidency. Why did he free the slaves? How did he meet his death? How has he been honored?

THE MAN WHO LED THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES

WILLIAM H. MACE

Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia in 1807, with the best blood of the Cavaliers in his veins. His father was "Light Horse Harry" Lee, the famous cavalryman of the Revolution.

As young Lee grew up, he followed in the footsteps of his great father. He went to school at Alexandria, George Washington's old town, and prepared for West Point. He was a cadet officer at West Point, and during the last year held the rank of honor in the corps.

While yet a boy he visited Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington, the home of George Washington Parke Custis. Here he played with Mary Custis. The playmate of his childhood became his wife two years after Lee left West Point. In the course of time, Arlington, a beautiful home, became his own.

When he left West Point, Lee was a second lieutenant. Later he was made a first lieutenant, and then promoted to be captain, and given charge of a company. In the war with Mexico, he earned honor and fame.

He was rapidly promoted from captain to major, from major to lieutenant-colonel, and from lieutenant-colonel to colonel.

When the Mexican War was over, and peace had come, Lee was given charge of the Academy at West Point. While there he made improvements in the discipline and in the course of study of that famous military school.

After three years, Lee resigned his position at West Point and went to fight the Indians on the frontier. During this time the agitation over slavery began to enter even the army. Colonel Lee believed in the Union, and was opposed to secession.

But when Virginia followed other slave states out of the Union and into the Confederacy, Lee went with his native state. Before he took this step, President Lincoln sent a friend to offer him a promotion in the army, if he would fight for the Union. Lee replied: "How could I take part against my native state, or raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home?"

Virginia put him at the head of her troops, and when she joined the Confederacy, he was made one of her generals. Early in 1862 he was made military adviser to the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, but when General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, General Lee was given charge of the army defending Richmond.

The change was quickly seen. Although McClellan, the Union general, had a much larger army, Lee

immediately attacked it in a seven days' battle, compelling McClellan to retreat. The attack upon Richmond had failed.

Lee turned, and hurled his army with great fury against another Northern general, Pope, defeated him, and threatened Washington. The excitement in the capital was great.

Flushed with victory, General Lee decided to lead his army into Maryland. Supplies for the army were abundant. But the people of Maryland did not join his army as he had expected. The bloody battle of Antietam was the result of this invasion. General Lee slowly withdrew his troops across the Potomac into Virginia.

In December, he fought and defeated the Union army at Fredericksburg. Early in the year 1863 Lee again defeated the Union forces, with great slaughter, at Chancellorsville. Here Lee lost his most brilliant and dashing general, "Stonewall" Jackson, who was killed accidentally by his own troops.

After resting his troops and gathering reënforcements, Lee made a dash through Maryland into Pennsylvania. Washington and the North were full of excitement, but a great Union army was now hurrying to meet him.

The two armies met at Gettysburg, and there for three days was fought the greatest battle of the Civil War. On the last day occurred Pickett's famous charge. Fifteen thousand Southern veterans, led by General George E. Pickett, with bayonets gleaming,

charged across the valley—more than a mile in width—right up to the muzzles of the Union guns. The slaughter was fearful. Finally the Confederates retreated. Lee's army was defeated. More than fifty thousand men, on both sides, were killed, wounded, and missing at Gettysburg.

General Lee crossed the Potomac, and never again invaded the North. Little was done until General Grant, in 1864, took command of all the Union forces, which now numbered nearly one hundred twenty thousand soldiers. Against this powerful army General Lee could oppose not more than seventy thousand.

In May, 1864, the Union troops crossed the Rapidan near Chancellorsville, and entered the "Wilderness." Here in this thicket of underbrush the armies fought a terrible two days' battle. Lee was a match for Grant under these conditions, for the number of soldiers did not count much in such a place.

Lee faced the Union troops at Spottsylvania, and another two days' fight occurred. Thirty-six thousand were dead, wounded, and missing. As a result of this battle, General Lee again faced Grant's troops at Cold Harbor, where McClellan had been defeated two years before.

After the struggle was over, twelve thousand Union men lay dead and wounded upon the field of battle. Lee was fighting behind breastworks, and Grant's men in the open field.

Suddenly Lee received dispatches to move his troops to Petersburg. Soon Grant was there thundering at

the gates. Lee, with his army behind fortifications, held him at bay until the spring of 1865.

General Lee's troops were wearing out. There were no more to take their places. Food and clothing became scarce. So many of the Confederate states had been overrun by the Union troops that supplies of all kinds were hard to get. Before this, Southern women had been busy knitting socks and preparing other supplies for the army, but now it was hard to find material for supplies.

In the spring, Lee told Jefferson Davis that Richmond would have to fall, and that all the papers and documents would have to be removed. General Lee was planning to take his army to Danville, Virginia, where he could unite with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston. With the two armies, it was planned to strike General Sherman before Grant's army could come to his aid.

Davis and his cabinet left Richmond at night, and got safely away. General Lee could not move so quickly. He was able to reach Appomattox Court House, and there he found his way blocked by General Sheridan and his cavalry. There was now no reason for shedding any more blood. The Confederacy was doomed.

In the spring of 1865 General Lee received a letter from General Grant, asking that further fighting cease, and that arrangements be made for surrender. The two generals met at a farmhouse, and agreed upon terms. General Grant permitted the officers and men to take their horses home "to do their spring plowing."

They pressed up to him, anxious to touch his person or even his horse

It was a trying time for General Lee. He went back "to break the sad news to the brave troops he had so long commanded. . . . They pressed up to him, anxious to touch his person or even his horse." With a voice filled with emotion, he said to his soldiers: 145
"We have fought through the war together; I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more!" And then, in silence, he rode on to his headquarters near by and passed alone into his tent.

Morning brought the final parting with his loyal army. Surrounded by a throng of sorrowing soldiers, General Lee mounted his faithful iron-gray horse, "Traveler," then, the last sad farewells said, rode slowly away to his home in Richmond.

In a short time, General Lee was elected president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia. Many offers of help came to him at this time, but he declined them all. Other offers came to him to engage in business and make a fortune, but he refused them all, preferring his quiet duties as a college president.

General Lee died in Lexington in 1870. A monument to the memory of this great man has been erected in Richmond, and likewise one in Lexington. Since the close of the Civil War General Lee's fame as a noble man and a great soldier has grown steadily.

From "Stories of Heroism."

GLOSSARY. Cavaliers; cadet; corps; discipline; secession; Antietam; "Stonewall"; Rapidan; cabinet.

STUDY. Give an account of Lee's early life. What kind of record did he make in the Mexican War? What important reforms did he make at West Point? Why did he refuse Lincoln's offer of promotion? In what way did the South recognize Lee's genius as a leader? Give an account of the great battles mentioned. What was the effect of Gettysburg on Lee's army? In what respects were the Confederates at a disadvantage in the later stages of the war? Tell the story of the final events of the struggle and of Lee's surrender. Give an account of the last years of Lee's life.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

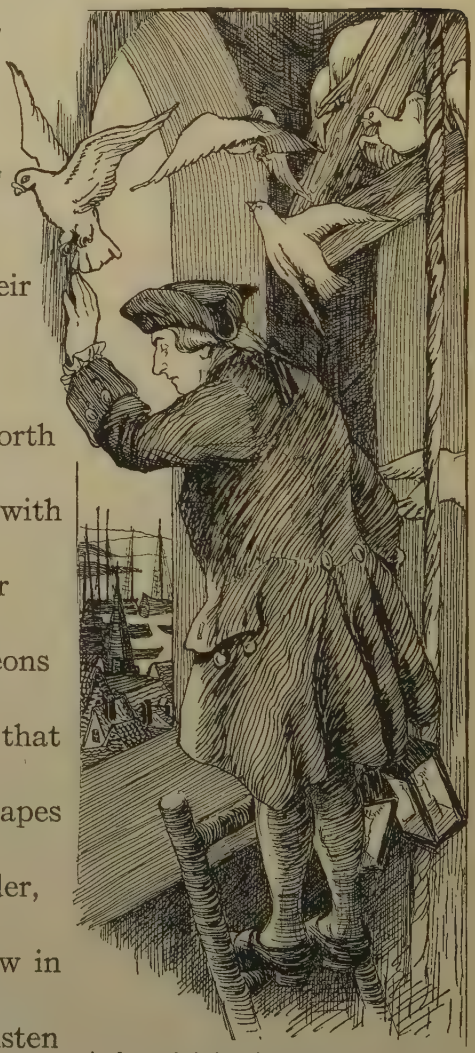
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down



And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

GLOSSARY. North Church; Middlesex; muffled; hulk; barrack; grenadier; spectral; Medford; Lexington; weathercock; aghast; Concord; regulars; redcoats.

STUDY. The landlord of the Wayside Inn is telling this story to those gathered around his fire; hence the familiar address at the beginning. The poem belongs to 1860. How old would one have been who could have remembered the incident of the ride? Why did Revere go to the opposite shore to await the signal? Describe his crossing. What did his friend find out? Tell of this friend's adventure in the tower. What did he see from the window? What "spell" possessed him? What brought his mind back to the business of the moment? What showed Revere's eagerness as he waited? Observe that you get five glimpses of him as he goes on his way. Tell of each. Explain the poet's fancy about "the spark struck out by that steed." Why does he say that "the meeting-house windows . . . gazed at him with a spectral glare"? "You know the rest." What was the rest? Tell the story of the fight as you understand it from lines 112 to 118. What kind of cry did Paul Revere carry through the night? Do the final lines seem to suggest that Paul Revere's ride represents the lasting opposition in the hearts of the people, to all oppression?

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the custom-house, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guardroom. Meanwhile Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some

day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were younger and less prudent remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the customhouse, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the customhouse, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades.

At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd round about the customhouse. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed."

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the customhouse. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar, the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their

comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

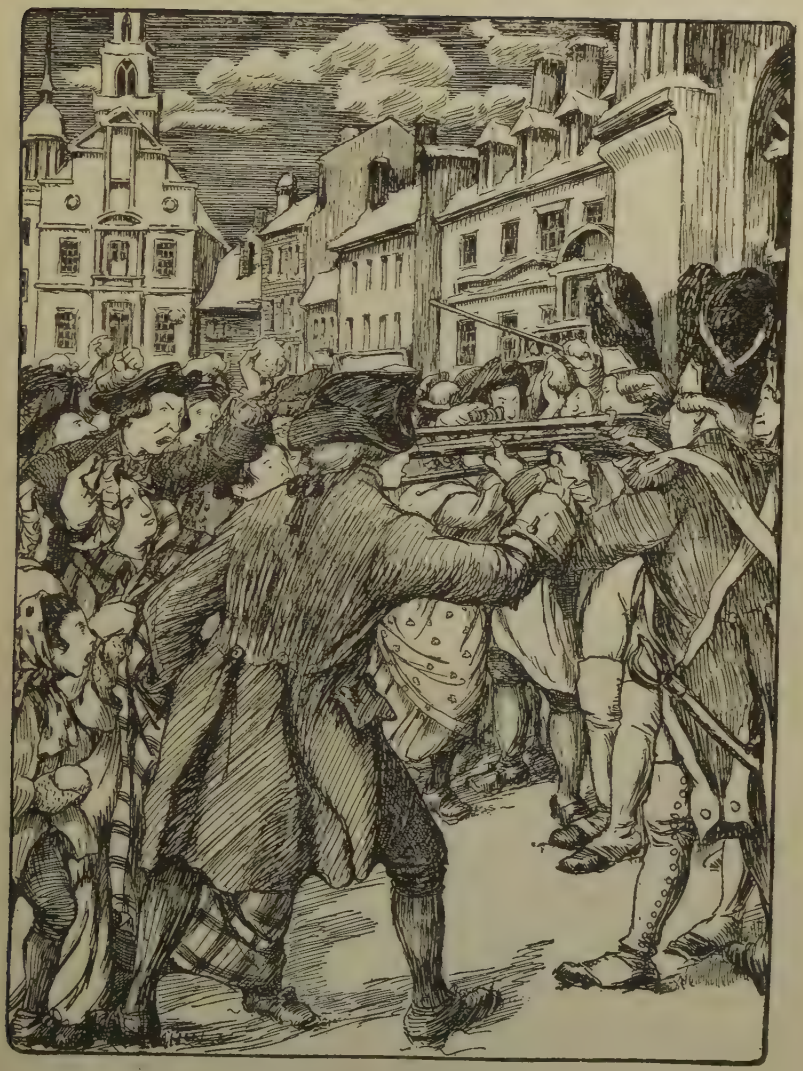
But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats.

But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the customhouse and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others



"Fire, if you dare, villains!"

stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

From "Grandfather's Chair."

GLOSSARY. Cupola; guardroom; Preston; coffee house; commotions; incivility; lobsterbacks; calamities; presentiment; peremptory; challenge; interfere; pacified; reconciliation; mandate; edifices.

STUDY. Picture the situation as given in the first paragraph. Tell of the happenings, one after another, that indicated that trouble was at hand. What brought matters to a crisis? How did Preston undertake to settle the rioters? What warning did he have as to the possible consequences? Why does Hawthorne think that this little conflict in the Boston streets was a supreme crisis? How did the people aggravate the soldiers? What was the result?

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'T were better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near:
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

GLOSSARY. Border; brake; Eske; Netherby; laggard; dastard; craven; Solway; quaffed; galliard; croup; scaur; Graemes; Forsters; Fenwicks; Musgraves; Cannobie Lee.

STUDY. This poem is a ballad dealing with love and valor. Its long swinging meter is fitted to the gallop of the sentiment, as well as to that of the horse. What opinion do you form of Lochinvar from stanza 1? What was the result of his lateness? Was this due to his own fault? How was he received at Netherby? Explain the bridegroom's attitude.

"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar

Why did Lochinvar's speech make it impossible for his enemies to attack him? Do you suppose the bride enjoyed what he said? How did their dancing impress the observers? What scheme did Lochinvar have in mind for getting ahead of his enemies? How did it work? Are you sorry for the poor, deserted bridegroom?

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

GLOSSARY. Crannied.

STUDY. Do you usually think of a flower as being so difficult to understand as this poem suggests? What does the poet think it would mean to understand "root and all, and all in all"? Everything in the universe has its relations to every other thing in the universe; they are all "parts of one stupendous whole."

BOUM-BOUM—A TALE

JULES CLARETIE

(Translated by Edward Tuckerman Mason)

The child, deadly pale, was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown big from the fever, gazed fixedly in front of him, with that

strange look of dying people, who seem already to see things invisible to others.

At the head of the bed the mother, biting her fingers to keep from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease upon the thin face of the poor little creature. The father, a good workman, forced back into his red eyes the tears which burnt his eyelids.

The sun rose, clear and sweet, on a beautiful June morning, and the early light filled the room where little François, the child of Jacques and Marie Legrand, lay dying. He was seven years old, and only three weeks ago he had been fair and rosy, gay as a sparrow. But a fever had attacked him. One evening he came home from school with an aching head and hands as hot as fire. And while he was there in bed he sometimes said in his delirium, as he looked at his carefully polished shoes, which his mother had placed in a corner:

"You can throw away little François's shoes, for he will never wear them again. Little François will never go back to school—never, never!"

Then the father said, "Be quiet!" and the mother buried her blond head in the pillow so that little François should not know that she was crying.

That night the child had not been delirious, but for two days past he had made the doctor very anxious by a sort of strange prostration, which seemed like a giving-up of everything, as if, at seven years old, the sick child had already grown weary of life. He was tired, silent, sorrowful, turning his head upon

the pillow, not wanting to take anything, without a smile upon his poor shriveled lips, and his haggard eyes still searching, seeing one knew not what, very far off. When they wanted him to take his medicine or some soup he utterly refused.

"Do you want something, François?"

"No, I want nothing!"

The doctor said: "He must be roused out of this state. His torpor alarms me. You are his father and mother, and you know your own child perfectly. You must find something to bring back the life to this little body, and to recall to earth this spirit which is hovering in the clouds." And he left them.

They must find something! Yes, surely the good people knew all about their little François. They knew how he enjoyed plundering the hedges on Sunday, and coming back to Paris loaded with hawthorn blossoms, and seated upon his father's shoulders. They knew how he loved to go to see Punch and Judy.

Jacques Legrand had bought paper toys for the little one, gilded soldiers, queer Chinese figures. Now he cut them out, put them on the child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and tried to make him laugh, though his own heart was full of grief.

"See, François! That is a broken bridge, and there is a general! Don't you remember? You saw a general one day in the park. If you take your medicine I'll buy you a bigger one, with a cloth uniform and gold epaulets. Tell me, do you want the general?"

"No!" the child answered, in his dull, feverish voice.

"Do you want a pistol, some marbles, a crossbow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to all that they said to him, to all their offers of balloons and jumping-jacks, there came the same monotonous answer, "No, no, no!" while the unhappy parents looked at each other despairingly.

"But what do you really want, my little François?" his mother asked. "Let us see, there surely must be something which you would like to have. Tell me, tell your own mamma!"

She laid her cheek upon the sick boy's pillow, and whispered this into his ear as though it were a secret.

Then the child, in a strange tone, sitting up in bed, and stretching out his eager hand toward something invisible, answered all at once in a voice which was earnest, beseeching, imperative:

"I want Boum-boum!"

"Boum-boum!"

Poor Marie turned her frightened face toward her husband. What was the little boy saying? Was this another attack of delirium?

Boum-boum!

She did not know what he meant, and she was frightened by these strange words which the child kept repeating, as if, not having dared until then to give any expression to his dream, he clung to it with an obstinacy nothing could change.

"Yes, Boum-boum! Boum-boum! I want Boum-boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand, and said,

"Oh, Jacques, what does he mean? He has lost his mind!"

But the father's rough face had an expression which was almost happy, although bewildered; the smile of a condemned man who has caught a glimpse of the possibility of freedom.

Boum-boum! How well he remembered the Easter Monday when he had taken François to the matinée at the circus. He still seemed to hear the boy's shouts of delight, his bursts of laughter when the clown, all covered with gold spangles, and wearing a glittering butterfly on the back of his costume, frisked across the ring, tripped up a rider, stood upon his head in the sand, or threw the felt hats high up in the air, skillfully catching them on his head, where they formed a pyramid. And at every trick, at every joke, his broad mouth uttered the same cry, like a merry refrain, repeated the same word:

"Boum-boum!"

And whenever he appeared the whole audience cried "Bravo!" and the little boy laughed joyfully. It was this Boum-boum, the great clown, whom François wanted to see, and whom he could not see, because he lay there, without any strength, on his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a jointed clown, covered with spangles, which he had bought, very dearly, at a toy shop. It had cost him his wages for several days' work. But he would have given much more to bring back a smile to those pale lips.

The child looked for a moment at the toy glittering on the white sheets, then said sadly:

"This is not Boum-boum! I want to see Boum-boum!"

Ah, if Jacques could only have wrapped him up in the bedclothes, carried him off to the circus, and said to him, "See, there he is!"

Jacques did better than that. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with legs trembling from anxiety, he went up the steps which led to the artist's apartment. What he was doing seemed very rash; yet, after all, the actors often went to the houses of rich people to sing or to recite monologues. Perhaps the clown would be willing to come to say "Good day" to François. And then he wondered how Boum-boum would receive him.

But this was not Boum-boum! It was M. Moreno, a charming man who greeted Jacques in his beautiful home, full of rare books and choice paintings. Jacques looked at him, not able to recognize the clown, and stood helplessly twirling his felt hat between his fingers, while the other man patiently waited. Then the father made his excuses. He had come to ask a most astonishing thing. It was all about the poor little one. A pretty little boy, and so intelligent! Always at the head of his classes at school—except at arithmetic, which he could not understand. A dreamer, yes, a dreamer; and the proof of it is that he wants to see you, that he thinks of no one but you, and that you are before him, like a star which

he longs to have, and at which he is always gazing. When he had finished, Jacques was pale, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. He dared not look at the clown, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the workman. What would Boum-boum say? Would he send him off roughly, would he take him for a crazy man?

"Where do you live?" Boum-boum asked.

"Oh, quite near!"

"All right," said the clown. "Does your boy want to see Boum-boum? He shall see him!"

When the door opened, Jacques Legrand called joyfully to his son:

"François, be happy, my boy! Here is Boum-boum!"

A gleam of joy lighted the child's face. He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head toward the two men who were coming to his bedside. He looked earnestly for a moment at the gentleman in the frock coat, smiling so gayly at him, and whom he did not know. But when they told him that this was Boum-boum, he slowly and sadly let his head fall back upon the pillow, and his eyes became fixed again, his beautiful, large blue eyes, which looked beyond the walls of the little room, still searching, searching so anxiously for Boum-boum's make-up, his tinsel, spangles, and butterflies, even as a lover pursues his dream.

"No," the child said, and his voice was no longer

dull, but sorrowful, "no, this is not Boum-boum!"

The clown, standing near the little bed, gazed upon the boy's face with an earnest look, very serious and infinitely tender. He shook his head, glanced at the anxious parents, and said, with a smile:

"He is quite right! This is not Boum-boum!"

And he went away.

"I shall never see him! I shall never see Boum-boum again!" said the child.

All at once—it was not half an hour since the clown had gone—the door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the real Boum-boum, in his black spangled tights, with the little yellow tuft on his head, the golden butterflies upon his breast and his back, and a broad smile, like a slot in a money-box, spreading across his jolly powdered face. Yes, it was the real Boum-boum of the circus, little François's Boum-boum!

The joy of life shone in the child's laughing, weeping, happy eyes. He clapped his thin hands, and cried "Bravo!" and exclaimed, with all his old gayety:

"That is he! That is he this time! There is Boum-boum! Good day, Boum-boum!"

When the doctor came back that day he found, seated on the foot of little François's bed, a white-faced clown, who was making the boy laugh and laugh again, and who said, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a cup of herb tea:

"You know, if you don't drink this, François, Boum-boum won't come back any more!"

The door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the real Boum-boum

And the child drank.

"Isn't it good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown, "don't be jealous! But it really seems to me that my grimaces have done him as much good as your prescriptions!"

The father and mother were weeping, but this time it was from joy.

And until little François was on his legs again, every day a carriage stopped before the workman's door, and a man got out of it, wrapped in a cloak, with the collar turned up, and underneath it he wore the circus costume, and his merry face was powdered.

"What do I owe you, Monsieur?" said Jacques Legrand to the great clown, when the child went out of doors for the first time.

The clown stretched out his big hands to the parents, like a gentle Hercules, and said:

"Only the clasp of your hands!"

Then, kissing the rosy cheeks of the child, he added laughingly:

"And you must permit me to put upon my visiting cards:

BOUM-BOUM

ACROBATIC DOCTOR

Physician-in-ordinary to Little François

GLOSSARY. François; delirium; prostration; torpor; Punch and Judy; epaulets; monotonous; beseeching; imperative; matinée; monologues; tinsel; Hercules; acrobatic; physician-in-ordinary.

STUDY. What efforts were made to arouse the child and interest his mind? What expression of his wishes did he finally make? How did the father first try to satisfy François? Why did this fail? Give an account of Jacques's first visit to the clown.

Why was Boum-boum's first visit a failure? Give an account of the second visit and its result. How did the clown show his continued interest in the child? Notice what he charged. Do you think his pleasure in exerting this new-found power of doing good was sufficient reward? What did he mean by his last words?

STEP FASTER, PLEASE

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Of all most aggravating things,
If you are hot in haste,
Is to have a man in front of you
With half a day to waste.

There is this one thing that justifies
The man in the foremost place—
The fact that he is the man in front,
The leader of the race.

But, for Heaven's sake, if you are ahead,
Don't dawdle at your ease!
You set the pace for the man behind;
Step faster, please!

GLOSSARY. Aggravating; dawdle.

STUDY. What is the "most aggravating thing" upon which the poem is based? What justifies a man in being foremost? Read the last stanza so as to bring out the aggravation expressed in it. You cannot do it well if you have any sympathy for the "dawdler."

TABLE OF WEBSTER MARKINGS AND EQUIVALENTS

ā . . . . . as in āle
å . . . . . as in senåte
â . . . . . as in câre
ă . . . . . as in ăm
a̋ . . . . . as in finăl
ä . . . . . as in ärm
å . . . . . as in åsk
ȧ . . . . . as in sofȧ
ē . . . . . as in ēve
ė . . . . . as in crėate
ĕ . . . . . as in ĕnd
e̋ . . . . . as in novĕl
ẽ . . . . . as in cindẽr
ī . . . . . as in īce
ĭ . . . . . as in ĭll
ō . . . . . as in ōld
o͝ . . . . . as in o͝bey
ô . . . . . as in lôrd

ŏ . . . . . as in ŏdd
o̊ . . . . . as in cŏnnect
ǒ . . . . . as in sŏft
o͞o . . . . . as in fo͞od
o͝o . . . . . as in fo͝ot
ou . . . . . as in thou
th . . . . . as in this
ū . . . . . as in pūre
u͝ . . . . . as in u͝nite
û . . . . . as in ûrn
ŭ . . . . . as in stŭdy
u̇ . . . . . as in circu̇s
ŋ (like ng): for *n* before the sound *k* or hard *g* as in baŋk
N indicates the nasal tone, as in French, of the preceding vowel
t͡ū for *tu* as in nat͡ūre

THE GLOSSARY

[In this word list only those meanings are given which the words have in the selections in which they appear. Keep in mind that this is often only one of the many meanings a word may have. The pronunciation is indicated according to the system used in *Webster's New International Dictionary* (1910). This glossary is intended to furnish in compact form the help that a pupil may need for immediate use in understanding the selections. To that end it has some of the features of an encyclopedia as well as of a dictionary. Attention is called especially to the fact that a brief identifying note is given on every author from whom selections are taken. The glossary is not to take the place of more extended reference books, but is to serve as a sort of "first aid" to the pupils.]

a bat'ed (*ȧ* bāt'ĕd). Lessened.
a bode' (*ȧ* bōd'). Dwelling.
Ab'o li'tion ists (ăb'ō lĭsh'ŭn ĭsts). Those in favor of doing away with slavery.
ac cord' (*ă* kôrd'). Agreement.
ac'ro bat'ic (ăk'rō băt'ĭk). Capable of daring athletic feats.
Æ'sop (ē'sŏp). A Greek maker of fables. (See p. 28.)
ag'gra vat'ing (ăg'rȧ vāt'ĭng). Provoking.
a ghast' (*ȧ* gȧst'). Terrified; shocked; frightened.
a gone' (*ȧ* gŏn'). Ago; gone by.
al'ien (āl'yĕn). Foreign.
all-a mazed' (ôl'ȧ māzd'). One completely astonished.
Allingham, William. (1824–1889.) An English poet.
a loof' (*ȧ* lōōf'). At a distance.
Am'a zon (ăm'ȧ zŏn). One of a nation of women warriors told of in Greek legends. Hence the word has come to mean masculine.
am'bushed (ăm'bo͝osht). Taken by surprise.
Andersen, Hans Christian. (1805–1875.) A famous Danish story-teller. (See p. 23.)
"Annie Laurie" (lô'rĭ). The name of a well-known Scottish love song by William Douglas (1700).
an'them (ăn'thĕm). A hymn of praise.
An tie'tam (ăn tē'tăm). Name of an important battle fought in Maryland in 1862.
Ant'werp (ănt'wĕrp). The capital of Belgium.
a pace' (*ȧ* pās'). Speedily.
ap prov'al (*ă* prōōv'ăl). Sanction.
aq'ui line (ăk'wĭ lĭn). Hooked, like the beak of an eagle.
A ra'bi an Nights (*ȧ* rā'bĭ ăn). The name of a very famous collection of Oriental stories.
Ar'thur (ăr'thŭr). A British chieftain of the sixth century, around whom cluster the romances of the Round Table.
ar tic'u late (är tĭk'ū lāt). Clearly expressed.
ar'ti fi'cial (är'tĭ fĭsh'ăl). Sham; not natural.
as'a fet'i da (ăs'ȧ fĕt'ĭ dȧ). The fetid gum resin of various Persian and East Indian plants, used in medicine.
As to'ri a (ăs tō'rĭ *ȧ*). The name of a trading settlement founded by John Jacob Astor at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811.
au'di ence (ô'dĭ ĕns). Opportunity of being heard; conference with a person of high rank.

au'gu ry (ô'gû rĭ). Power to foretell events.
aw'ful (ô'fo͝ol). Profoundly impressive.

Bag'dat (băg'dăt). A city in Turkey in Asia. (Same as *Bagdad*.)
Ban'yan tree (băn'yăn). A remarkable East Indian tree. From the branches roots grow to the ground and form props or new trunks. Sometimes they cover great areas.
bard (bärd). A poet.
bar'rack (băr'ăk). A building for lodging soldiers.
bask'ing (băsk'ĭng). Lying in the heat.
bate a sti'ver (stī'vẽr). Make the least reduction. A stiver is a Dutch coin worth about two cents.
bath'ing ma chine' (bāth'ĭng mȧ-shēn'). A small bathhouse on wheels, to be moved into the water.
ben'e dic'tion (bĕn'ẽ dĭk'shŭn). An expression of blessing.
be seech'ing (bẽ sēch'ĭng). Begging.
be sprent' (bẽ sprĕnt'). Sprinkled over.
Beth Gêl'ert (bĕth gĕl'ẽrt). The grave of Gêlert.
bev'ies (bĕv'ĭz). Companies.
Blake, William. (1757–1827.) An English poet.
bland'est (blănd'ĕst). Gentlest; most soothing.
blan'dish ment (blăn'dĭsh mĕnt). Soft words.
blare (blâr). To make a loud, harsh sound like a horn.
boo'ty (bo͞o'tĭ). Game.
Bor'der (bôr'dẽr). The districts along the boundary line between England and Scotland.
Bourdillon, Francis William. (1852—.) English poet and journalist.
brach (brăk). A female hound.
Brah'man (brä'mȧn). A person of the highest caste among the Hindus.
brake (brāk). A thicket.
brands (brăndz). Swords, so called on account of their brightness.
Breck'in ridge, John C. (brĕk'ĭn rĭj). (1821–1875.) American political leader, vice-president, and senator.
Bris'tol (brĭs'tŏl). A city in southwestern England.
broom (bro͞om). A plant with long, slender branches, small leaves, and showy yellow flowers.
Browne, Frances. (1811–1887.) English author.
Browning, Robert. (1812–1889.) One of the greatest English poets of the last century. (See p. 191.)
Bruns'wick (brŭnz'wĭk). A small state in Germany.
buff jer'kin (bŭf jûr'kĭn). A close-fitting jacket or waistcoat of leather or buff-colored cloth.
Bur'gun dy (bûr'gŭn dĭ). Wine made in Burgundy, an old province of France.
butt (bŭt). A large cask for holding liquor.
but'tressed (bŭt'rĕst). Braced firmly.

Cab'i net (kăb'ĭ nĕt). The President's advisers, consisting of the heads of the executive departments.
cable's length. Six or seven hundred feet. A cable is a rope or chain to which the anchor is attached.
ca det' (kȧ dĕt'). A young man in training for military service.
Cæ'sar, Jul'ius (jo͞ol'yŭs sē'zȧr). A great Roman general, 100–44 B.C. He is said to have led his men in swimming the Rubicon, in his march toward Rome.
ca lam'i ties (kȧ lăm'ĭ tĭz). Miseries; evils.
Ca'liph (kā'lĭf). A title of the successors of Mohammed.
Cam'bridge (kām'brĭj). The seat of Harvard University, near Boston.
Can'no bie Lee (kăn'ō bĭ lē). The name given to a broad tract of plain in southern Scotland in Scott's "Lochinvar."
can'o py (kăn'ō pĭ). Covering carried on poles over persons of high rank.
Canton, William. (1845—.) An English journalist and poet.
ca par'i soned (kȧ păr'ĭ sŭnd). Harnessed, or fitted out with decorative trappings.

car'a van (kăr'ȧ văn). A large covered wagon used as a traveling house.

Cas cades' (kăs kādz'). The name given to the series of rapids in the Columbia River.

casques (kăsks). Pieces of armor for the head and neck.

Ca taw'ba (kȧ tô'bȧ). The name of a kind of grape.

Cav'a liers' (kăv'ȧ lērz'). A name given to the early settlers of the South, suggesting high social rank.

cen'ser (sĕn'sẽr). A vessel used in churches for burning incense.

cer'e mo nies (sĕr'ĕ mō nĭz). Formal ways of conducting important affairs or celebrations.

chal'lenge (chăl'ĕnj). The demand, by a sentinel, for the countersign.

Cham (kăm). Title of an Eastern ruler.

cham'ber lains (chām'bẽr lĭnz). High officers of the court.

cher'ub (chĕr'ŭb). Angel.

chip (chĭp). Wood, split into thin strips, for making hats.

chiv'al rous (shĭv'ăl rŭs). Like a knight; brave and courteous.

chord (kôrd). A combination of sounds sounding at the same time.

chores (chōrz). The light, daily tasks of farm life.

Clack'a mas (klăk'ȧ mȧs). A river in northwest Oregon.

clar'et (klăr'ĕt). A kind of wine.

Claretie, Jules (klȧr'tē'). (1840—.) A French novelist, journalist, and theatrical manager.

cloy (kloi). To satisfy the appetite.

Clyde (klīd). An important river in Scotland.

cof'fee-house' (kŏf'ĭ-hous'). The name of refreshment houses which flourished in the eighteenth century, where among other drinks the main one was coffee.

Co lum'bi a (kŏ lŭm'bĭ ȧ). A large river in northwestern United States.

com mo'tions (kŏ mō'shŭnz). Disorders.

con (kŏn). To repeat to oneself; to learn.

Con'cord (kŏŋ'kẽrd). A town in Massachusetts, scene of one of the first struggles of the Revolution.

con jec'tured (kŏn jĕk'tŭrd). Guessed; surmised.

Con nect'i cut (kŏ nĕt'ĭ kŭt). A river forming most of boundary between Vermont and New Hampshire.

Con science', Hen'drik (kôN syĂNs'). (1812–1883.) A Flemish novelist. His best-known book is made up of tales of peasant life, and is called *Ricketicketack*.

con'sci en'tious ly (kŏn'shĭ ĕn'shŭs-lĭ). Completely; according to one's sense of right.

cŏn'strue (kŏn'strōō). To understand, or put a meaning on.

con tra'ri ous ly (kŏn trā'rĭ ŭs lĭ). In an opposite way from what one would naturally expect.

Cook, Captain. (1728–1779.) A noted English sailor. His account of his travels was widely read.

copse (kŏps). A thicket of underbrush.

Cor'nish (kôr'nĭsh). Of Cornwall, a county of western England.

Corn'wall, Barry. See Procter, Bryan Waller.

corps (kōr). Organized body of men.

coun'cil (koun'sĭl). A meeting of rulers, or other important persons, for consultation.

Count de Lorge (dĕ lôrzh). A character in Leigh Hunt's "The Glove and the Lions."

coun'te nance (koun'tĕ năns). Aid; support.

cour'i er (kōō'rĭ ẽr). A messenger to carry important news.

cours'er (kōr'sẽr). A swift horse.

court'iers (kōrt'yẽrz). Attendants at the court of a prince.

cov'et ous (kŭv'ĕ tŭs). Eager to get and hoard money.

Cow'litz (kou'lĭts). A river tributary to the Columbia.

Crandall, Charles H. (1858—.) An American author and journalist.

cran'nied (krăn'ĭd). Having chinks, or crevices.
cra'ven (krā'v'n). Cowardly.
creeds (krēdz). Beliefs.
Cri me'an (krĭ mē'ăn). Referring to the peninsula in southern Russia, the scene of the war between the English and French on the one side and the Russians on the other (1854–1856).
crink'ly (krĭŋ'klĭ). Wavy.
crit'ics (krĭt'ĭks). Fault finders.
crook (krŏŏk). The staff, with a hook on one end, used by shepherds for holding runaway sheep.
cross'hilt'ed (krŏs'hĭlt'ĕd). A sword hilt with a cross guard, thus forming a Latin cross.
croup (krōōp). The place for a second rider behind the saddle.
crown'ing (kroun'ĭng). Supremely grand.
crypt (krĭpt). A secret chapel under a church.
cui rass' (kwē răs'). A piece of close-fitting armor for the body, from neck to girdle.
cun'ning (kŭn'ĭng). Cleverness.
Cunningham, Allan. (1784–1842.) A Scottish poet and journalist.
cu'po la (kū'pō *l*ȧ). A small structure on top of a roof or building.
cu'rate (kū'rāt). An assistant rector. Literally, one who cares for souls.
cy'clops (sī'klŏps). One of a fabled race of giants with but one eye, which is in the middle of the forehead.

dam (dăm). Mother. (Used especially in regard to quadrupeds.)
dam'sel (dăm'zĕl). A young woman.
das'tard (dăs'tȧrd). A coward.
daw'dle (dô'd'l). To trifle; to waste time over nothing.
de cliv'i ty (dē klĭv'ĭ tĭ). A sloping place.
delf (dĕlf). A kind of earthenware made at the city of Delft, in Holland, or any imitation of that. (Also spelled *delft*.)
de lir'i um (dē lĭr'ĭ *ŭ*m). A wandering of the mind due to fever.
Des'chutes' (dā'shōōt'). A tributary of the Columbia River.
de sert' (dē zûrt'). That which is deserved.
de vour'ing (dē vour'ĭng). Eating with greediness.
dex'ter (dĕks'tēr). The right hand.
dex ter'i ty (dĕks tĕr'ĭ tĭ). Skill.
dex'ter ous ly (dĕks'tēr *ŭ*s lĭ). Skillfully.
di'a dem (dī'*ȧ* dĕm). A crown.
di min'u tive (dĭ mĭn'ū tĭv). Very small.
dis ap'pro ba'tion (dĭs ăp'rō bā'-sh*ŭ*n). Condemnation.
dis'ci pline (dĭs'ĭ plĭn). A system of training.
dis praise' (dĭs prāz'). Blame.
doc'ile (dŏs'ĭl). Gentle.
double-breasted (dŭb''l-brĕst'ĕd). Lapping over, with buttons and buttonholes on either side.
Douglas, Stephen A. (dŭg'l*ȧ*s). (1813–1861.) An American political leader.
down (doun). A tract of open upland.
dry salt'er y (drī sôl'tēr ĭ). A place where salted produce is sold.
du'ly (dū'lĭ). Properly.
dun (dŭn). Of a dull brownish or grayish color.
Dun dag'el (dŭn dăj'ĕl). A castle on the Cornish coast connected with King Arthur. (More generally written *Tintagel*.)

ed'i fic es (ĕd'ĭ fĭs ĕz). Buildings.
el'fin (ĕl'fĭn). Fairy-like.
E liz' a beth (ē lĭz'*ȧ* bĕth). Queen of England from 1558 to 1603.
e man'ci pa'tion (ē măn'sĭ pā'sh*ŭ*n). Giving freedom to slaves.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. (1803–1882.) An American essayist, poet, and lecturer.
en dow'ments (ĕn dou'mĕnts). Powers or talents given one by nature.
en shroud'ed (ĕn shroud'ĕd). Clothed.
en ticed' (ĕn tīst'). Led astray.

ep'au lets (ĕp'ô lĕtz). Shoulder ornaments worn by officers.
Eske (ĕsk). A river in Scotland. (Modern spelling *Esk.*)
ewes (ūz). Female sheep.
Ex cal'i bur (ĕks kăl'ĭ bŭr). Name of King Arthur's sword.
ex press' (ĕks prĕs'). A messenger sent on a special errand.

fear'ful (fēr'fo͝ol). Terrible.
fens (fĕnz). Marshy districts.
Fen'wicks (fĕn'ĭks). A clan name in Scott's "Lochinvar."
fer'ule (fĕr'o͝ol). A flat piece of wood, used as a ruler.
flume of the Dalles (flo͝om . . . dălz). A gorge through which the Columbia River flows.
fond (fŏnd). Eager; foolish; tender.
fore'bears (fôr'bârz). Ancestors.
for'feit ed (fôr'fĭt ĕd). Lost by some offense.
forg'ing (fōr'jĭng). Shaping by heating and hammering.
Fors'ters (fŏr'stĕrz). A clan name in Scott's "Lochinvar."
Foss, Sam Walter. (1858–1911.) An American poet and librarian.
Francis, King (frăn'sĭs). Probably refers to Francis I, King of France, 1515–1547.
Fran'çois' (frăN'swä'). The name of a child in the story of "Boum-Boum."
Frere, Mary (frēr). An Englishwoman, collector of a volume of Hindu folks stories, (1845–1911.)
fron'tier (frŏn'tēr). The outer border of settlements.

gain'say'ing (gān'sā'ĭng). Denying.
Gal'a had, Sir (găl'ă hăd). A celebrated knight of the Round Table, noted for his purity, who succeeded in finding the Holy Grail.
gal'lant (găl'ănt). Fine; stately.
gal'liard (găl'yärd). A lively dance.
gar'land ing (gär'lănd ĭng). Decking with wreaths or garlands.
Gay, John. (1685–1732.) An English poet and dramatist.
Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. (1860—.) An American poet and writer on social questions.
gir'dle (gûr'd'l). The waist; a belt.
Glim'minge (glĭm'ĭnj). A castle mentioned in Selma Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.*
glints (glĭntz). Gleams.
glu'ti nous (glo͞o'tĭ nŭs). Resembling glue; sticky.
Go'shen (gō'shĕn). A village referred to in Warner's *Being a Boy.*
gos'sips (gŏs'ĭpz). Those who run about and tattle.
Gould, Hannah Flagg (go͞old). (1789–1865.) A New England poet.
gouts (goutz). Clots.
Graemes (grāmz). A Scottish clan referred to in "Lochinvar."
Grail (grāl). The cup or plate from which Christ ate at the last supper, and to which was given miraculous power in the King Arthur legends. It could be seen only by a pure and holy person.
grange (grānj). A country house or seat.
green (grēn). Foolish.
Greene, Albert Gorton. (1802–1868.) An American lawyer and poet.
gren'a dier' (grĕn'ă dēr'). Originally, a soldier who carried and used hand grenades. Now used with reference to some special regiment.
grov'el ing (grŏv''l ĭng). Delighting in what is low; cringing.
guard'room (gärd). The room occupied by the guard while on duty.
guil'der (gĭl'dēr). A coin, worth about forty cents in modern times.
guise (gīz). Manner; appearance.
gyp'sy (jĭp'sĭ). Name of a wandering race, originally from India, now scattered over the civilized world.

Hale, Edward Everett. (1822–1909.) An American minister, author, and philanthropist.
half'pike' (hăf'pīk'). A short pike carried by officers of infantry. A pike consisted of a wooden staff, with a sharp iron head.

hal'yards (hăl'yērds). Rope or tackle for hoisting or lowering sails and yards on a ship.

Ham'e lin Town (hăm'ĕ lĭn, or hā'mĕl'n). A town in Prussia.

Han o'ver (hān ō'vēr). Name of a city in Germany.

hard (hārd). Intently.

hard'ly (hārd'lĭ). Hard; in a difficult manner.

hart (hārt). A stag.

Harte, Francis Bret. (1839–1902.) An American novelist and poet.

Hawker, Robert Stephen. (1803–1875.) An English minister and poet.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. (1804–1864.) American writer of short tales and novels. (See p. 147.)

heath (hēth). A tract of waste land; particularly, such a tract in Great Britain covered with the heath plant.

hec'tic (hĕk'tĭk). Flushed, as with fever.

hedge (hĕj). A thicket of bushes planted as a fence.

Her'cu les (hûr'kŭ lēz). A famous mythical hero, celebrated for his strength. To him were assigned, through the hatred of Juno, twelve great tasks, or labors. All of these he successfully accomplished.

her'it age (hĕr'ĭ tăj). That which belongs to one by right of birth.

her'mit (hûr'mĭt). One who lives in solitude; one learned in the arts, particularly of healing.

hied (hīd). Went.

hies (hīz). Goes.

Hock (hŏk). A kind of wine.

hos'tel (hŏs'tĕl). A lodging place, or inn.

hue and cry (hū). The noise made in a chase.

hulk (hŭlk). The hull or body of a ship.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh. (1784–1859.) An English essayist and poet.

il lu'sion (ĭ lū'zhŭn). A misleading appearance; a false vision, more perfect than the reality.

im mod'er ate (ĭ mŏd'ĕr āt). Extreme.

im mor'tal (ĭ môr'tăl). Undying; imperishable.

im'mor tal'i ty (ĭm'ŏr tăl'ĭ tĭ). Everlasting life.

im part' (ĭm pārt'). Bring about; to bestow a share of; to make known.

im per'a tive (ĭm pĕr'ă tĭv). Commanding.

im pe'ri al (ĭm pē'rĭ ăl). Royal.

im per'ti nent (ĭm pûr'tĭ nĕnt). Rude; unmannerly.

im'po tent (ĭm'pō tĕnt). Weak; powerless.

in au'gu ral (ĭn ô'gŭ răl). A speech made at beginning a term of office.

in'can ta'tions (ĭn'kăn tā'shŭnz). Spells or charms produced by magic.

in ces'sant ly (ĭn sĕs'ănt lĭ). Continually, without interruption.

in'ci vil'i ty (ĭn'sĭ vĭl'ĭ tĭ). Rudeness.

in gen'ious (ĭn jēn'yŭs). Clever.

in gra'ti ate (ĭn grā'shĭ āt). To win one's way by trying to please.

in gre'di ents (ĭn grē'dĭ ĕnts). The parts of which a compound is made.

in sep'a ra ble (ĭn sĕp'ă rȧ b'l). Not capable of being separated or disjoined.

in stalled' (ĭn stôld'). Placed in possession of an office.

in'stinct (ĭn'stĭŋkt). Something implanted by nature.

in tent'ly (ĭn tĕnt'lĭ). Earnestly; fixedly.

in'ter fere' (ĭn'tĕr fēr'). To take part in the concerns of others.

in'tre pid'i ty (ĭn'trĕ pĭd'ĭ tĭ). Bravery.

in trigue' (ĭn trēg'). A plot or scheme.

ir're pres'si ble (ĭr ĕ prĕs'ĭ b'l). Not capable of being restrained.

Isaacs, Abram S. (1852—.) An American author, lecturer, and professor.

Is'ra el (ĭz'rȧ ĕl). The Hebrew people.

I tal'ian wars (ĭ tăl'yăn). The military operations of the French in Italy under Napoleon, at the end of eighteenth and beginning of nineteenth centuries.

jack'al (jăk'ôl). A kind of wild dog.
jar'gons (jär'gŏns). Meaningless words; a mixture of tongues.
Jordan, David Starr. (1851—.) An American scientist, president emeritus of Leland Stanford Jr. University.
jour'ney men (jûr'nĭ mĕn). Workmen who have learned a trade.
Ju'no (jōō'nō). The wife of Jupiter in ancient mythology.

Kansas-Nebraska Bill. A bill passed by congress in 1854, leaving it to the inhabitants of the territories named to decide whether they would have slavery or not.
Karl van Mil'gem (kärl văn mĭl'gem). The central character in Conscience's *Ricketicketack*.
Keary, Annie. (1825–1879.) An Irish novelist, and (with her sister Eliza) author of several popular books for young people.
Keats, John (kēts). (1795–1821.) An English poet.
ken (kĕn). Understanding; knowledge.
king-pin (kĭng'pĭn'). The most important. In a building, the pin that is at the center of the frame.
Koo'te nay (kōō'tē nā). A river flowing into the Columbia.
Kop'pel berg Hill (kŏp'ĕl bûrg). A mountain near Hamelin in Germany.
Krylov', I van' (ē vän' krĭ lôf'). (1768–1846.) A Russian writer of fables.
Lagerlöf, Selma (lä'gĕr lûf). (1858—.) A Swedish novelist. (See p. 174.)
lag'gard (lăg'ärd). One who loiters behind others.
Larcom, Lucy (lär'kŭm). (1826–1893.) An American poet.
lau'reled (lô'rĕld). Honored. From the old custom of crowning the victor in a poetic contest with a wreath of laurels.
leads (lĕdz). Roofs. So called from the custom of covering the roofs with lead.
league (lēg). A measure of distance, about three miles in length.
Lear, Edward (lēr). (1812–1888.) An English artist and miscellaneous writer.
lee (lē). The side toward which the wind blows.
leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd). A story handed down from the past.
len'i ty (lĕn'ĭ tĭ). Mildness; kindness.
Lex'ing ton (lĕk'sĭng tŭn). The scene of the opening of the Revolutionary War, April 19, 1775.
liege (lēj). King.
lig'a tures (lĭg'ȧ tūrz). Cords.
list (lĭst). Listen.
lists (lĭsts). A place for tilting. Literally, the barriers bounding such a place.
Llew el'lyn (lŏō ĕl'ĭn). The name of the Welsh nobleman in "Beth Gêlert."
lob'ster-backs' (lŏb'stēr băks'). A term of contempt used with reference to the British soldiers, who wore red coats.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. (1807–1882.) The most popular of American poets.
lux u'ri ance (lŭks ū'rĭ ăns). Excessive abundance.

Macdonald, George. (1824–1905.) An English novelist and poet. (See p. 80).
Mace, William H. (1852—.) An American historian.
Macpherson, James (măk fûr'sŭn). (1736–1796.) A Scottish author.
mad (măd). Foolish.
ma gi'cian (mȧ jĭsh'ăn). An enchanter; one who practices magic.
mailèd host (māl'ĕd). A great army of soldiers dressed in mail, or armor.
Ma'la'koff' (mȧ'lȧ'kôf'). A fort in the Crimea, in southern Russia.
mal'e fac'tors (măl'ē făk'tērz). Evildoers.
man'date (măn'dāt). Command; order.

Margaret Queen. Queen of King Henry VI of England, 1430–1482.
mar'gin (mär'jĭn). Border; edge.
Marie de France (dē frāNs). A French poet and writer of fables of the thirteenth century.
Markham, Edwin (mär'kăm). (1852—.) An American poet.
mat'i née' (măt'ĭ nā'). An entertainment or performance held in the daytime.
Med'ford (mĕd'fērd). A city in Massachusetts.
Meg Mer'ri lies (mĕr'ĭ līz). A weird gypsy woman in Scottish legend.
meres (mērz). Marshy pools.
Mer'lin (mûr'lĭn). The famous prophet and magician of the King Arthur legends.
mer'ry (mĕr'ĭ). Pleasant.
me trop'o lis (mē trŏp'ŏ lĭs). The chief city of a country.
met'tle (mĕt''l). High spirit.
Mid'dle sex (mĭd''l sĕks). A county in Massachusetts.
mien (mēn). Appearance; manner.
Miller, Emily Huntington. (1833–1913.) An American poet.
mir'y (mīr'ĭ). Swampy.
mis'hap (mĭs'hăp). Ill luck.
mis'in ter'pret ed (mĭs'ĭn tûr'prĕt ĕd). Put the wrong meaning on.
mis parsed' (mĭs pärst'). Not parsed correctly.
mis scanned' (mĭs skănd'). Read the verse in the wrong way.
Missouri Compromise. A provision attached to the act by which Missouri was to be admitted into the Union, which prohibited slavery in other states to be formed out of the Louisiana Territory.
mon'o logues (mŏn'ŏ lŏgz). Long speeches by one person.
mo not'o nous (mŏ nŏt'ŏ nŭs). Without change.
moor'lands (mōōr'lăndz). Extensive tracts of waste land used for pasture.
moors (mōōrz). Large sandy tracts of marshy waste land.
mor'tars (môr'tērz). Cannon for throwing bombs.
Mo selle' (mō zĕl'). A kind of wine made in the Moselle Valley.
muf'fled (mŭf''ld). Wrapped so as to deaden any sound.
mul'ti tu'di nous (mŭl'tĭ tū'dĭ nŭs). Great in number.
Mus'graves (mŭz'grāvz). Name of a Scottish clan in Scott's "Lochinvar."
mys'tic (mĭs'tĭk). With some secret meaning.
myth (mĭth). A story, of forgotten origin, which deals with ancient beliefs.

Na po'le on (nȧ pō'lē ŭn). (1769–1821.) A famous general, and the emperor of the French from 1804 to 1815. He was defeated at Waterloo by the allied armies under Wellington, and died in exile at St. Helena.
near (nēr). The left, from the fact that a driver generally walks on the left side.
nee'dle's eye (nē'd'lz ī). The small gate or postern, for foot passengers, by the side of the large gate for carts and animals.
Neth'er by (nĕth'ēr bĭ). The paternal residence of the bride in Scott's "Lochinvar."
newt (nūt). A small lizard-like animal.
Ni zam' (nē zăm'). The title of the native sovereigns of a province of India.
nod'dy (nŏd'ĭ). A fool.
North Church. A famous old church in Boston.
nun'cheon (nŭn'shŭn). A meal; a luncheon.

o bese' (ō bēs'). Very fat.
op'tic lobe (ŏp'tĭk lōb). The division of the brain which controls the eyesight.
Os'sian (ŏsh'ăn). A legendary poet and hero of the third century.
over against. Opposite.

pac'i fied (păs'ĭ fīd). Quieted.
pad'dock (păd'ŭk). A small pasture.
page (pāj). A serving boy.
pale (pāl). An inclosure.
pa'tron (pā'trŭn). One who protects or defends.
Peacock, Thomas Love. (1785–1866.) An English novelist and poet.
ped'dler man (pĕd'lẽr). One who goes about from place to place, selling his wares.
per emp'to ry (pĕr ĕmp'tŏ rĭ). Positive; decisive.
per'se cu'tors (pûr'sẽ kū'tẽrz). Annoyers; those who punish because of beliefs.
phil'o soph'ic al (fĭl'ŏ sŏf'ĭ kăl). Wise.
phy si'cian-in-or'di na ry (fĭ zĭsh'ăn). A doctor in constant service.
pie'bald' (pī'bôld'). With spots of different color; motley.
Pied Pip'er (pīd pīp'ẽr). Central figure in the old German legend retold by Browning (p. 177). Pied means spotted or of various colors, with reference to the piper's clothes.
pipe (pīp). A wind instrument of straw or reed.
pip'ing (pīp'ĭng). The sound made by wind in a tempest whistling through a ship's rigging stripped of sails.
piqued (pēkd). Vexed.
plen'ished (plĕn'ĭsht). Filled up.
poled (pōld). Pushed along or guided by means of a pole.
pol'i cy (pŏl'ĭ sĭ). A plan for carrying on affairs.
pol'ish (pŏl'ĭsh). To finish; to make smooth.
po lit'er (pŏ lĭt'ẽr). More civilized, or cultured.
pol lut'ed (pŏ lūt'ĕd). Made impure.
pon'der ing (pŏn'dẽr ĭng). Thinking; turning a thing over in the mind.
po'tion (pō'shŭn). A dose of liquid medicine.
pre sen'ti ment (prē sĕn'tĭ mĕnt). A feeling that something evil is about to happen.
Preston, Captain (prĕs'tŭn). An English officer of the guard concerned in the Boston Massacre.
prig (prĭg). One who feels his own importance.
prim'rose (prĭm'rōz). A common English flower of early spring.
priv'y (prĭv'ĭ). Have secret knowledge of.
Procter, Bryan Waller. (1787–1874.) English poet.
pro di'gious (prŏ dĭj'ŭs). Huge; immense.
proph'e sy (prŏf'ẽ sĭ). Foretell things that are to happen in the future.
pros tra'tion (prŏs trā'shŭn). A state of low spirits.
psal'ter y (sôl'tẽr ĭ). An ancient stringed instrument.
Punch and Judy. A puppet show. Punch, hump-backed and hook-nosed, quarrels with his wife Judy, and many ludicrous things happen.
pun'cheon (pŭn'chŭn). A large cask.

quaffed (kwăft). Drank freely.
quar'ry hole (kwŏr'ĭ). An opening from which building stone is taken.
queer (kwēr). Desperate; odd.
queue (kū). A plait of hair worn behind.

rab'bi (răb'ī). A Jewish teacher.
rak'ish (rāk'ĭsh). Disreputable looking.
Rands, William Brighty. (1823–1880.) An English journalist and writer of books for children.
Rap'i dan' (răp'ĭ dăn'). A river in Virginia.
re buff' (rẽ bŭf'). A repulse; a snub.
re buked' (rẽ būkt'). Reproved.
rec'on cil'i a tion (rĕk'ŏn sĭl'ĭ ā shŭn). Return to friendship; a making-up.
Re dan' (rẽ dăn'). One of the fortifications of the Crimea, southern Russia.
redcoats. British soldiers, so called because such coats were part of their uniform.
re fine'ment (rẽ fīn'mĕnt). Culture; fineness of manners.
reg'u lars (rĕg'ū lărz). Soldiers of experience belonging to the standing army.

re luc'tant ly (rē lŭk'tănt lĭ). Not willingly.
rev'eil le' (rĕ vāl'jē). The morning signal summoning soldiers or sailors to the duties of the day.
rev'els (rĕv'ĕlz). Noisy merrymaking.
re ver'ber a'tion (rē vûr'bĕr ā'shŭn). Loud echoes.
rev'er ie (rĕv'ĕr ĭ). A daydream.
Re vised' Stat'utes (rē vīzd' stăt'ūtz). The volume containing the laws in force.
Rhen'ish (rĕn'ĭsh). Wine produced in the region of the Rhine River.
Rhodes (rōdz). An island in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor.
rib'ald (rĭb'ăld). A coarse, offensive fellow.
Riley, James Whitcomb. (1853—.) An American poet.
rue (rōō). Regret.
rune (rōōn). The name of the characters in the alphabet of the people of northern Europe; a mystical saying.
rush'y (rŭsh'ĭ). Full of rushes.
Ryan, Abram Joseph. (1839–1886.) An American poet, journalist, and priest.

sa ga'cious (sȧ gā'shŭs). Wise and knowing.
sage'ly (sāj'lĭ). Wisely.
sand'ed (sănd'ĕd). Sprinkled with sand.
San'ga mon (săŋ'gȧ mŏn). A river in Illinois.
sat'ire (săt'ĭr). Ridicule; sarcasm.
Saxe, John Godfrey (săx). (1816–1887.) An American journalist and poet.
scab'bard (skăb'ȧrd). A sheath for the blade of a sword or dagger.
scathe (skāth). Harm; injury.
scaur (skär). A steep, rocky bank.
Scott, Sir Walter. (1771–1832.) A great Scottish poet, novelist, and biographer.
scru'ple (skrōō'p'l). Hesitation, especially due to doubt of rightfulness.
scud (skŭd). Hurry.
se ces'sion (sĕ sĕsh'ŭn). A withdrawal.
Sev'ern (sĕv'ĕrn). A river in southwestern England.
Shan'non (shăn'ŭn). A river in Ireland.
She'ba (shē'bȧ). An ancient country of South Arabia.
sheen (shēn). Bright; glittering.
sheet (shēt). A rope attached to a sail to regulate the angle at which it is set.
shift (shĭft). A successful expedient.
sig'net roy'al (sĭg'nĕt roi'ăl). The seal used by a sovereign for his signature.
sil'ly (sĭl'ĭ). Foolish; sometimes used in the old sense of innocent, happy, or fortunate.
sin'ews (sĭn'ūz). Muscles.
sin'ew y (sĭn'ū ĭ). Strong.
small clothes (smôl klōthz). Knee breeches.
small wine. A weak kind of wine.
Smith, William Hawley. (1845—.) An American educator and writer.
smith'y (smĭth'ĭ). A blacksmith's shop.
smoth'er (smŭth'ĕr). Confusion.
snoring breeze (snōr'ĭng). A strong wind that fills a ship's sails, making a snoring sound.
Sol'o mon (sŏl'ŏ mŭn). Son of David and king of Israel in the tenth century B.C.
Sol'way (sŏl'wā). An inlet of the Irish Sea between England and Scotland.
som'ber (sŏm'bĕr). Gloomy.
sooth (sōōth). True; truth.
sop'o rif'er ous (sŏp'ŏ rĭf'ĕr ŭs). Causing sleep.
South Sea. A name given to the southern part of the Pacific Ocean.
Spanish dollar. A Spanish coin formerly much circulated in the Americas. It is frequently mentioned in the stories of the days of piracy, and is the same as the "piece of eight."

spec'tral (spĕk'trăl). Ghostlike.
Spencer, William Robert. (1769–1834.) An English poet, mainly known as a writer of society verse and ballads.
sphere (sfēr). A world, or universe.
Spo'kane' (spō'kăn'). A river in Washington.
sprats (sprăts). Small surf fish.
squid (skwĭd). A kind of mollusk.
stalls (stôlz). Seats in church inclosed at back and sides. They are often elaborately carved.
stoles (stōlz). Long, loose garments.
"Stone'wall'" (stōn'wôl'). A name given to General Jackson, from an expression used by a Confederate officer at the battle of Bull Run in 1861: "There is Jackson, standing like a *stone wall*."
stor'ied (stō'rĭd). With stories, or memorials, carved on them.
strand (strănd). Thread for weaving; the bank of a stream.
stump speaking. Political speaking, so called from the fact that in newly settled places the speaker's platform was often a tree stump.
sub lime' (sŭb līm'). Lofty; noble.
sub'ter ra'ne ous (sŭb'tĕr ā'nē ŭs). Underground.
suc'cu lent (sŭk'ū lĕnt). Juicy.
Sumner, Charles. (1811–1874.) American statesman.
sup'pli ant (sŭp'lĭ ănt). One who begs for mercy.
surf'men (sûrf'mĕn). Members of a life-saving crew.
sweet-flag (swēt'-flăg'). A plant common in damp places, with a pith often eaten by children.
Swift, Jonathan. (1667–1745.) A great English prose writer of the eighteenth century. (See p. 112.)
sym met'ri cal (sĭ mĕt'rĭ kăl). Regular in form.
sym'me try (sĭm'ē trĭ). A regular relation of parts to each other.
sys'tem at'i cal ly (sĭs'tĕm ăt'ĭ kăl ĭ). Carefully.

Tal'mud (tăl'mŭd). The book of the Jewish law.
tawn'y (tô'nĭ). Of a dull yellowish-brown color.
Taylor, Bayard. (1825–1878.) An American poet and translator.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. (1809–1892.) Poet-laureate of England from 1850 to his death.
thatch (thăch). The covering for a roof, made of straw or reeds.
Thomas, Edith Matilda. (1854—.) An American poet.
thor'ough fares (thŭr'ō fârz). Public roads or streets.
thrall (thrôl). Slavery.
tight (tīt). Stanch; compact.
tin'sel (tĭn'sĕl). Something showy or gaudy.
tint'ed (tĭnt'ĕd). Slightly colored.
to boot. In addition to.
toll bridge (tōl brĭj). A bridge where a fee is charged for passing.
tor'por (tôr'pŏr). A state of partial insensibility.
town meet'ing. A legal meeting of the voters of a town for the transaction of legal business.
trac'ta ble (trăk'tȧ b'l). Gentle; easily managed.
trans'ports (trănsˈpōrtz). Very strong feelings; raptures.
Tran'syl va'ni a (trăn'sĭl vā'nĭ ȧ). A province in Hungary.
tre panned' (trē păndˈ). Inclosed by making an opening and then shutting it up.
trice (trīs). A very short time; a moment.
trump'ets (trŭm'pĕtz). Announces through a trumpet or megaphone, an instrument for intensifying sounds.
Trump of Doom (trŭmp). The sound of the trumpet announcing the day of the final judgment.
Turn'hout (tŭrn'hout). A manufacturing town in Belgium.
tu'tor (tū'tĕr). A teacher.

un at tain'a ble (ŭn ă tānˈȧ b'l). Cannot be acquired.
unc'tion (ŭŋk'shŭn). Great religious fervor.

un grate'ful (ŭn grāt'fo͝ol). Not thankful for favors.
un'in spect'ed (ŭn'ĭn spĕkt'ĕd). Not looked at closely.
u nique' (ū nēk'). Not having a like, or equal.

vam'pire-bats (văm'pīr). A certain kind of bat that is supposed to suck the blood of animals and men.
Van Die'men's Land (văn dē'mĕnz). A name formerly applied to the island of Tasmania, in the southern Pacific.
van'i ty (văn'ĭ tĭ). Self-love; conceit.
ven'er a ble (vĕn'ĕr ă b'l). Worthy of honor.
Ver'gil (vûr'jĭl). A great Roman poet, author of the Aeneid. Lived 70–19 B.C.
vig'or (vĭg'ĕr). Strength.
Vin'-de-Grave' (văN'dĕ grāv'). A kind of wine.
vir'gin (vûr'jĭn). Pure.
vis'ion a ry (vĭzh'ŭn ă rĭ). Dreamy.
void (void). Empty.

wal'let (wŏl'ĕt). A bag or sack for carrying articles.
wan'ton ly (wŏn'tŭn lĭ). Playful; wild; malicious.
Warner, Charles Dudley. (1829–1900.) An American essayist and journalist.
Warren, Maude Radford. (1875—.) An American novelist and writer of books for young people.
way'far'ers (wā'fâr'ĕrz). Travelers on foot.
weath'er cock' (wĕth'ĕr kŏk'). A vane on top of a building or spire turning with the wind and showing its direction.
We'ser (vā'zĕr). A river in Germany.
West'mal. A village near Antwerp, in Belgium.
win'dow nich'es (nĭch'ĕz). The openings in a wall for the windows.
wot (wŏt). Think; know.

zeph'yr (zĕf'ĕr). A soft, gentle breeze.
Zo'ah (zō'ä). The name of a village in Warner's *Being a Boy*.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Statement of General Principles

This series of readers has been made with the conviction that no textbooks are quite so important as those that have for their object the training of young people in the use and mastery of their mother tongue. Through the power thus gained they hold the key to the strongholds of the world's treasures. At best, the direct contact through experience with the facts of nature and of human life is very limited in the case of each individual. Important as such direct contact must be, we must still realize that a great proportion of what we need for the purposes of education must come through the stimulus of the printed page. We cannot go to all the countries in the world and find out what sort of peoples live in them, how they live, and what they produce. We cannot measure their territories for ourselves, explore their deserts, climb their mountains, sail their seas, and thus learn about all these things at first hand. We must depend upon the geographer to bring all this knowledge before us in summary form. We can at best read only a few of the original documents and examine a few of the monuments in which the story of the past is enshrined. To do any of this effectively requires a special training impossible for most. We must depend upon the trained historian to put what we need in a simple and concise language. We cannot possibly, by any first-hand experience, know what Elizabeth's England was like, or what our country was like in the days of Washington. All this we are likely, if we know it at all, to learn through our ability to interpret the printed page. This fundamental proposition is illustrated only to make clear the tremendous importance of being well grounded in mastery over our language, both in its spoken and its written forms.

A second proposition, accepted nowadays with practical unanimity, is that reading books for the schools should not deal with mere information and its organization as such. That is the place for the books on geography, history, physiology, mathematics, and the various sciences. Information in material for reading exercises is purely incidental and is used to illustrate the issues of life. The material used should appeal strongly to the imaginative powers. It should be literary in its character.

The important thing about a nation is the tone of its spiritual life, its point of view on the great problems connected with human existence. Never before has there been more concern for the general welfare, a clearer recognition of the necessity of making human brotherhood more of a fact and less of an airy sentiment. And this increasing characteristic promises untold possibilities for the future. One of the main forces for training in healthiness of mental tone and sanity of outlook is the literature of the world. By wise choice and skillful use we not only secure the needed powers of language mastery but at the same time fill the mind at its most impressionable period with images that are powerful for future good. Hence it has been the aim to make a set of reading books full of the vigor and red blood of life; books that hold up high ideals of thinking and conduct, that cheer and brighten life and give us more faith in our fellow men and in ourselves; books that help us realize that courtesy and heroism have not departed from the earth, but are found even in lowly and unexpected places; above all, books that may serve to point our own high destiny as the responsible citizens of a greater future.

Selection of Material

The material used in this Fifth Reader is selected with special regard to its capacity for interesting and helping the boys and girls who are to read it. The selections are of great variety and of good quality; they are chosen from a wide range of authors; texts have been carefully prepared, no liberties being taken that would in any way change an author's meaning, and, finally, the forming of good taste and correct habits of thought has been constantly kept in mind. The old favorites will be found, and much new material has been drawn upon. The pupil's *sense of fairness* finds satisfaction in selections like "Tit for Tat" or "The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges"; his *love of adventure and courage in danger*, in "Lochinvar" and "The Glove and the Lions"; his *delight in seeing folly and stupidity and bluster laid bare*, in "The Priest and the Mulberry Tree," "The Boasting Traveler," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "The Wind and the Moon"; his *delight in generous and thoughtful actions*, in selections as diverse as "Boum-Boum" and "Plant a Tree"; his *sense of the pathos of life*, mingled with its *humor* as in "Old Grimes," or with its *heroism* as in "The Song of the Camp"; his *keen interest in the striking events of our country's history*, in

"Paul Revere's Ride" and "The Boston Massacre"; his *interest in great characters* in the accounts of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee; his ever-present *sense of wonder at the mysteries of life and nature*, in "Sir Galahad," "I Make Diamond's Acquaintance," and "The Story of a Salmon"; his *love of plain symbolizing*, in "The Arrow and the Song."

These are some of the more marked interests of young readers of this grade, and it would be possible by extending the list to include all the selections in this book under these and a few more such heads. They have all been kept in mind, and the material for the book chosen in the light of these principles and not merely at random. Due regard has of course been had for difficulties of language and thought, and it is confidently believed that the years of experiment resulting in this choice have given an arrangement and an ease of grading that will justify themselves in the actual practice of other teachers.

Apparatus

For convenience, the lines of the selections have been numbered, thus making it easy to direct the attention to any passage required. At the end of each selection is given a group of the words most likely to need explanation. These are placed in the order in which they are found in the lesson. All terms used in these lists are explained in the general glossary on page 268 *et seq.* Under the heading "Study," following each lesson, is a brief series of suggestive questions designed to direct the attention to some of the more important features or problems to be considered in mastering the author's meaning. These questions serve as a general assignment for the pupil in preparing his work.

Glossary

The general glossary (p. 268) gives the correct pronunciation, where necessary, of all the terms listed at the end of each selection. The phonetic equivalents are those used in *Webster's New International Dictionary*. The meanings given are those which the terms have in the context. The object is to put the pupil in possession of what he needs for his purpose with the least expenditure of time and energy on his part. Drill in the work of picking out the one meaning needed from the many often given in the dictionary is important, but it should not be allowed to usurp the more important work of concentrating the mind upon

the larger meaning of the selection. Geographical, mythical, historical, and other allusions are explained wherever it is thought that such explanation may be helpful. This glossary, therefore, becomes a dictionary and encyclopedia for the purpose of explaining just those difficulties that arise in the study of the selections in this book. No legitimate opportunity should be missed to fill the mind of the reader with the more common illustrations from myth, legend, and story. These are the commonplaces of literary reference, and the general reader is sadly handicapped if he does not recognize them at once. The following, chosen at random from the glossary of this volume, will give some notion of its helpfulness in this direction: Amazon, "Annie Laurie," Arabian Nights, King Arthur, Brahman, Burgundy, Julius Cæsar, coffee-house, Crimean, cyclops, delf, Dundagel, Galahad, Grail, Hercules, Juno, Merlin, needle's eye, Pied Piper, Punch and Judy, stump speaking, Trump of Doom.

Study Hints

The questions and suggestions found under the heading "Study" are to put the pupil to work at once on the definite problems of the lesson. This definiteness in assignment is quite as necessary in a reading lesson as it is in any other subject. Haziness is the bane of the classroom. The clear understanding of what is read is the main object always to be kept in mind. Much work in reading is ineffective because it has no object and leads nowhere. These study hints require the pupils to do specific things, and these specific questions always lead the pupil to notice just those things that are needed for the understanding of the selection under study.

The questions are mainly of three types. In the first place, there are questions that lead to a close observation of the details of the story, such as,

What shows the great ease with which the mare could be managed? (P. 3.)
How did the curate try to keep out of the briers while getting the berries? (P. 3.)
What was going on in the smithy when the strangers appeared? (P. 7.)
How did the colonel show his interest in the work of the smiths? (P. 7.)
What proposal did the jackal make to the camel? (P. 40.)
Tell how the adventure came out. (P. 40.)
Describe Mr. Raymond's house and its surroundings. (P. 67.)

A second type of question leads to the stating of the plainer inferences or conclusions that can be drawn:

What showed that they were military men? (P. 7.)
Why would his city be likely to attract strangers who were not very serious? (P. 21.)
What kind of man did his act show the Brahman to be? (P. 61.)
Can you name any qualities of character which she possessed? (P. 63.)
How did Diamond differ from the other children who appeared? (P. 71.)
What opinion do you form of Lochinvar from stanza 1? (P. 254.)

A third type of question leads to some of the larger inferences connecting what is read with the more general problems of life and literature. These are always put in the simplest form possible so that the student will not be confused as to what is asked for.

What is the lesson, or moral, as stated in the last line? (P. 3.)
Was his error one that you might have made under the circumstances? (P. 13.)
Do you think people ever pretend to believe what they do not believe for fear of being thought stupid? Does it seem to you stupid to do so? (P. 21.)
What do we mean when we say that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world"? (P. 42.)
Do you feel about the king's views as Gulliver did? (P. 112.)

In case pupils are inclined to answer a question in the direct form with "Yes" or "No," a simple "Why?" or "What makes you think so?" will usually be enough to lead on to the full discussion wanted. Wherever it has seemed helpful to do so, direct suggestions as to the meaning are made to start the pupil on the right track. The great object of reading work is not to leave the student with the feeling that literature is made up of puzzles but that it deals with actual life and handles the very actions and thoughts with which we are concerned every day. The work in reading must be accounted a failure if it does not lead to thorough enjoyment on the part of the pupil, and to a desire to read more than is in the book. While these study hints have been kept within the smallest possible compass, great care has been taken to make them serve the purpose of definiteness in the proper preparation of work. In answering these questions it is important that pupils be encouraged, in pointing out their conclusions, to read the specific passages that have led to these conclusions. Where differences of opinion arise this will lead to a rivalry of skill in the interpretation that will often lead to the discovery of important points that would otherwise be passed over.

Expression

All intelligent expression is the result of having something to express. The way a person reads orally is a test of his

understanding of what he reads. To think the thought clearly and to feel the emotion genuinely is therefore the basis of all good oral reading. The pupil should be encouraged to select and read those passages that seem to say what he agrees with or to express the emotion that he also feels. But it very often happens that the meaning of a passage is vague until one hears it properly read, and the teacher has a large field of usefulness at this point. It is wise on the part of the teacher to do a great deal of reading for and with the pupils. All "discussion" of the meaning is often hopelessly inadequate, while its reading by the teacher will often at once furnish the key.

The value of a trained voice is not easily overestimated, even if one considers the matter from a merely practical point of view. To speak with effective clearness, to put what one believes in the simplest and most forcible way, to think on one's feet, to get rid of the self-consciousness that oppresses the unpracticed — these are all ends to be earnestly sought.

Expression Exercises

Lack of clearness in knowing what one speaks is not the only cause of bad speaking and reading. The more mechanical element in expression often needs attention, and as habits of expression are lasting, the teacher must be alert in the effort to correct defects as soon as they become evident. The skillful use of the carefully devised system of phonic work in the earlier books of this series forms a solid basis for good expression. Now, it is important to notice specific difficulties and, if possible, devise exercises to correct them. No complete system of such exercises is possible, and only a few suggestions can be made here.[1] If, for instance, some of the class fail to give properly the sounds in some common word, a list of words containing those sounds can quickly be made (the pupils assisting), and a few moments devoted to gaining greater flexibility of the vocal organs. Here are a few such exercises:

Final ng:

bang	fang	gang	hang	rang
clang	slang	sprang	stang	twang
prong	wrong	strong	throng	song
spring	sting	sling	string	fling

[1] Any of the better textbooks of oral expression furnish many pages of drills and exercises. Two very satisfactory sources for such material are Cumnock's *Choice Readings* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) and Mitchell's *School and College Speaker* (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

Final nk:

blank	clank	crank	drank	thank
blink	brink	clink	think	wink
drunk	chunk	skunk	shrunk	trunk

Pronounce slowly and distinctly:

to her	this morning	rattling
to him	give her	running
give him	help her	rustling
she will	tell her	jumping
is his	this mother	bounding

Pronounce distinctly and rapidly:

ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ad	ed	id	od	ud
af	ef	if	of	uf
ag	eg	ig	og	ug
aj	ej	ij	oj	uj
ak	ek	ik	ok	uk
al	el	il	ol	ul
am	em	im	om	um
an	en	in	on	un
ap	ep	ip	op	up
as	es	is	os	us
at	et	it	ot	ut
av	ev	iv	ov	uv
ax	ex	ix	ox	ux
az	ez	iz	oz	uz

Pronounce distinctly:

1. Did you? Have you? Would you?
   Can you? Could you? Can't you?
   Will you? Should you? Shall you?
   Did n't you?
2. Call her. Fetch her. Get her.
   Catch her. Bring her. Tell her.
3. blowing chewing whisper
   giving chance whistle
   throwing chase whey
   pudding choose why
   catching chair when
   romping cheese what

Give expression by force on the words indicated:

I *despise* you.
March! March to the front.
"*Halt!*" The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
Hurrah! We have a holiday.
"*Strike! Strike!*" he shouts.
Stop! Stop, this minute!
"*Fire!*" Out blazed the rifle blast.
Shout! Shout! Freedom is ours!

Read, at first slowly and distinctly, then rapidly:

Let Lucy look at the long legible lines along the lovely landscape.
Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
The brothers feared the weather, so their mother gathered their father's clothes from the heather.
Really royal rulers rarely read riddles.
Three thousand thankful thanes thronged the theater.
Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws.

When a twister, a-twisting, would twist him a twist
For twisting a twist, three twists will he twist,
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist thus untwisting untwisteth the twist.

Study of Authors

Literary biography should not be unduly emphasized in the early work in reading. The important thing is to hold the attention closely to the literary material itself. But as soon as pupils are interested in the work of some particular writer, and while they are interested in it, it is well for them to have some simple account of the author and his work. To that end a few such biographies are given in this volume, accompanied by authoritative portraits. The account of the author always comes after the pupil has made acquaintance with some of his work, and never precedes it.

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